

Sports Illustrated



FEBRUARY 14, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

REPLAY-BY-REPLAY

Because of the dreadful winter weather Buffalo's pro teams have had a lot of trouble getting to and from games. Late in January, for example, the hockey Sabres had to postpone a home game with Los Angeles because of a blizzard. The day before, the Sabres managed to leave (their flight was 20 hours late) for Montreal to play the Canadiens. Even though four players, including top goal-scorer Rick Martin, weren't able to get to the airport and had to be left behind, the Sabres held the league-leading Canadiens to a 3-3 tie.

Yet the high point of the game was the radio broadcast of it. Ted Darling does play-by-play of Sabre games on radio, except when a game is televised, in which case he does the TV play-by-play. He had never missed a Sabre game since Buffalo joined the NHL in 1970, and he had broadcast every one of them, on radio or TV. He missed this one. He tried, but it was impossible to get from his home in a Buffalo suburb to the airport. Yet he broadcast it. He was supposed to do the TV play-by-play in Montreal, but a newspaperman was drafted in his stead and Darling did the radio from his home. He watched the game on television and broadcast it by telephone to the Buffalo radio station carrying the game. He turned the TV sound down and had his son Joe listen to it through an earphone so he could feed his father such information as the times of goals, which players were given assists and what the various penalties were.

It was easy. You would have sworn he was there. Oh, the wonders of electronic journalism!

SPOTTING (CONT.)

Those Player Locator Boards (SCORECARD, Jan. 31) that were introduced to U.S. golfing fans at the Hawaiian Open last week worked fine. So fine, in fact, that a spectator arriving at noon on the first day was moved to ask, "Where is everybody? This must be the smallest gal-

lery they've ever had at this tournament."

It was actually the largest ever for the Hawaiian, but the least visible. Fans coming onto the course checked the locator boards and scooted off to join and root for their favorites instead of milling about in aimless frustration. The system—a big board with a map of the course and magnetized numbers identifying the players and their precise location at any moment—worked so well that it raised the inevitable question: Why wasn't it done before? One might assume that locator boards now will be erected at all big tournaments. Hawaiian Open officials, their eyes dancing with visions of royalties, are even talking of patenting the system.

NAMES AND NUMBERS

Because Arizona and Arizona State have withdrawn from the Western Athletic Conference in order to join the Pacific Eight, usually called the Pac-8, a small question has arisen over the expanded conference's name. Pac-8 no longer works. Pac-10 seems likely, although a more formal title may be chosen.

This adjusting of name to fit number has given rise to speculation. Suppose the four northern schools—Washington, Washington State, Oregon and Oregon State—decide to withdraw from the conference, what then? No problem. With its strength reduced to half a dozen, the conference could rename itself the Six Pac.

DEADEYE

A couple of notable basketball shots have been made this season by unheralded people. One, you may recall, was by Dale McCall of Lamar University in Texas who won a trip to Hawaii several weeks ago (SCORECARD, Dec. 13, 1976) by coming out of the stands at halftime and sinking a shot from midcourt. Another Texan, John Kinsey, won a new automobile by sinking a similar shot in a contest at a Houston Rockets game. Getting their money's worth, the Rockets made a little production of the affair by pre-

senting the keys to the car to Kinsey in a ceremony at halftime of a game with the Philadelphia 76ers. A crowd of 16,012 was on hand to see the Rockets go against Julius Erving, George McGinnis and company. After handing over the keys, the Rocket spokesman at the microphone suggested kidding that John try another shot from midcourt just for old times' sake. You know, prove that last 50-footer was no fluke, ha, ha.

Kinsey, a good sport, stepped to the center circle, took aim and lofted a left-handed push shot that swished right through the cords. That brought a greater reaction from the crowd than anything Erving or McGinnis had done. In fact, Dr. J made a point of going over and shaking Kinsey's hand.

John didn't win anything extra for his



repeat performance, but now people in Texas are calling for a midcourt shoot-out between Kinsey and McCall.

The showdown could turn out to be a highlight of the basketball season. When McCall arrived in Hawaii on his prize-winning trip, a local TV station wanted to get some footage of him taking a shot from midcourt. Dale agreed. With the lights on him and the cameras running, he stepped to the center of the court and flipped one toward the basket. Swish. Do it again, TV cried. McCall did. Swish again. Then he missed four in a row, proving that he is human, and then raised doubts about that assumption by hitting six more. Eight out of 12, from midcourt.

Billy Tubbs, the Lamar University bas-

continued

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Cold weather has a direct effect on your gas bill. Your greater usage, along with the higher prices your gas company has to pay for this winter's gas, means some of you are getting the highest gas bills you've ever had. But every-

thing you do to conserve gas will help keep your bill down.

Your gas company is doing everything possible to keep the gas coming.

Homes come first, of course. But all over the country, gas companies are working to keep schools, offices, and industries running, too. Even if your city hasn't been hit by cold, turning your thermostat down will help gas companies help each other to keep schools and factories running in colder areas. **AGA** American Gas Association 

ketball coach who sponsored the Texas contest that McCall won to get the trip to Honolulu, said, "I told the TV people I'd only promised Dale a trip to Hawaii. I hadn't said anything about the return trip. But he sure earned the ride back with that performance."

Bring on John Kinsey.

NUNCH BETTOR

Wally Hough is a big, hulking lineman from Plant High School in Tampa who finally agreed to accept a grant-in-aid from the University of Florida. Head Coach Doug Dickey of Florida stopped by Hough's home in Tampa on the momentous day, and so did about 40 of the youngster's relatives, among them his 87-year-old grandmother, known to all as Granny Batson. All 40 relatives filed by to shake Dickey's hand and assure him he'd made a wise selection. Finally, it was Granny Batson's turn, and Dickey greeted the tiny old lady with all the charm and respect he could muster.

"What number are you going to put on Wally?" the old lady demanded. "Well, gee," said Dickey, somewhat startled. "I haven't given that any thought. Let's see. Darrell Carpenter is graduating this year and his number is 67. Will 67 be O.K.?"

Granny nodded briskly.

"That's great," she said. "I'll play the 6-7 at the fronton tonight."

THE SIXTH KID

Although the Milwaukee Brewers finished last in the American League East in 1976 things could be a little brighter for them this year, partly because they have, among other bright hopes, Sixto Lezcano. Lezcano, who batted .285 last year, so far has not been a mover and a shaker in his two seasons in the American League, but he has just won the Puerto Rican Winter League batting title with a neat .366. Puerto Rico? you ask, with an amused smile. Big deal.

Well, you might check over the names of some former Puerto Rican Winter League batting champs and rethink your position on Sixto Lezcano. For instance, in 1955 a fellow named Willie Mays won the title. A couple of years later it was Roberto Clemente. Orlando Cepeda won it in 1959. Tony Oliva in 1964 and Tony Perez in 1967. More recent winners include Don Baylor (1972), Ken Griffey (1975) and Dan Driessen (1976). And Lezcano's league-leading average was the

highest in 20 years, since Clemente batted .396.

The special quality of Puerto Rican batting champions goes back a long way. In 1942 the winner was a catcher named Josh Gibson, who hit a cool .480. Gibson, best of all black catchers, never played in the major leagues because of the color bar, but he has a plaque in the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown now.

Not that Sixto Lezcano has a confirmed reservation to Cooperstown. But it looks as though he's worth keeping an eye on.

IN THE ROUND

Life had been going smoothly on the professional golf circuit for Spain's Severiano Ballesteros. After a burst to fame as runner-up to Johnny Miller in the British Open last July, the 19-year-old won the Dutch Open, the Trophée Perrier in Belgium and France's Lancôme. Ballesteros' wallet was fattened by \$70,000. In December he and teammate Manuel Piñero won the World Cup title, a triumph which caused the Spanish daily *El País* to proclaim, "With this win has arisen a serious problem for national golf. It has to be made popular."

That will have to wait. Ballesteros has been inducted into the Spanish Air Force. His neatly flowing locks have been short to meet military standards. For six weeks he will endure the rigors of basic training instead of sand traps and bushes. His stint will last 15 months, but Ballesteros will not keep his clubs idle. "I have received no promises from the Air Force, but I think they will be understanding," he says. Ballesteros hopes to compete in the Masters in April and in the British Open this summer. Perhaps most understanding will be his commanding officer, a golf buff.

DEDUCTIVE REASONING

Remember the small plane that crash-landed in the upper tier of Baltimore's Memorial Stadium a few minutes after the Steelers had beaten the Colts in their AFC playoff game last December? A minister in Bethesda, Md. recently received a letter from a fellow minister, an American missionary in Salisbury, Rhodesia, who mentioned that he had seen the photograph in a foreign newspaper. As a football fan, he wondered who had won the game, but nowhere in the caption accompanying the photo was the score or the result mentioned. But, he

wrote to his friend in Maryland, as he looked more closely at the picture it dawned on him that the Colts must have lost. There at the bottom of the photo were the goalposts, still standing.

A MATTER OF MIND

Paul Westhead, basketball coach at La Salle College in Philadelphia as well as a Shakespearean scholar who teaches English at La Salle, turned this season to psychic energy to help his team. He preaches the power of positive thinking and has given his young charges extensive doses of psycho-cybernetic instruction (basic principle: vivid images of a desired result in the mind's eye help achieve that result).

"We have our guys practice making free throws over and over again in their minds," says Westhead. "We've even had some of the players practice shooting free throws with their eyes closed."

Westhead had an opportunity to put his preachings to use in a game against archrival Villanova. With three seconds remaining and La Salle behind 70-69, the Explorers' Darryl Gladden was fouled. Villanova called time out before the free throw, to put the pressure on the freshman.

"I told Darryl to relax, close his eyes and do his cybernetics," says Westhead. "He looked at me wide-eyed and said, 'Coach, this is no time to screw around.' Everybody on the bench broke up, but I think it helped Darryl get loose."

In any case, the youngster sank both ends of the one-and-one, and La Salle was triumphant, 71-70.

THEY SAID IT

● Earl Strom, NBA referee, to Philadelphia Trainer Al Domenico, who complained that Strom was assessing too many fouls against the 76ers in a game with Denver: "I don't count 'em, Al. I just call 'em."

● Luther (Wimpy) Lassiter, pool player, on what he does to prepare himself for his sport: "I like to practice shooting pistols, rifles, shotguns—things like that. And I spend a lot of time sitting on the curb contemplating life sliding by me."

● Wojtek Fibak, Polish tennis star, on his reaction to Polish jokes. "I am able to laugh at such things. I understand. I watch your television. I see that most of the shows are geared to a certain mentality. Would you want me to judge your country by its television?"

END

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THUNDERBIRD

FORD DIVISION



Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 14, 1977





IT'S A WILD WEST SHOW

Abdul-Jabbar is putting up a Moon Ball, Jerry West is coaching up a storm and the Lakers are up at the top

by Curry Kirkpatrick

Assessing the Los Angeles Lakers—the new, improved, fairy-tale Lakers—is like assessing the proverbial water glass. Is it half full or half empty? Is Jerry West, who coaches the Lakers or hypnotizes them or something, really a turtlenecked genius or merely a run-of-the-mill legend who got lucky on a sabbatical from his Bel Air golf games? Is the team a legitimate contender or only another Rocky with a one-way ticket to Palookaville?

On the one hand, the Lakers are made up of men who collectively have helped win five NBA championships, one ABA championship, six NCAA titles and won a raft of individual-type awards. Winners, right? On the other hand, it is a team that West looked over not long ago and decided he would cheerfully trade practically en masse if only there were any takers.

The Lakers are the ultimate tribute to the era of the sports specialist, a team composed of the Defensive-Stopper Guard, the High-Scoring Cornerman, the Power Forward, the Backcourt Playmaker and, to be sure, the Dominating, Sky-Hooking, Goggle-Wearing, Second-in-the-Voting Superstar Center. The Lakers also include a few gems who can't drop a ball into a canyon much less a basket, who can't guard anything that breathes, who take a powder at the end of close games and who are kept around

continued

A big L.A. play stars the Lakers' Kareem and Don Ford (rank Coaches Albeck, West and (seated) McCloskey)

basically to satisfy the beachboy-loving, Birchite segment of their wonderful, front-running California community. No need to raise your hands—you know who you are.

Yet everybody here contributes his own particular talent. Because of this and because nothing really bad ever did happen to All-Pro, all-swell Jerry West except maybe too many Farrah Fawcett-Majors lookalike contest winners interrupting his postgame beers, here the Lakers were last week, 50 games into the season and leading pro basketball's toughest division, the Pacific, with a 33-17 record. "It's a mystery, all right," says West, pulling on one more bionic tortle-neck.

Before it embarked last week on a hazardous road trip through the frozen East, Los Angeles was enjoying a numbers game that had the whole league shivering. Since mid-November the Lakers had won 28 of 39 games, including 10 by five points or fewer. They had won 20 straight at home in the Fabulous Forum, a club record not matched by even the 1971-72, 33-in-a-row Lakers. And they had won nine games on the road, a miracle.

The other day somebody even thought he saw a Laker actually dive for a ball and threaten to be exciting, for goodness sakes. Wonders never cease in Hollywood.

But last Friday night in Boston, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar missed a game-tying free throw in the last few seconds and the Lakers lost a 99-98 contest to the struggling Celtics that should have been put away long before. It was the first time in a long while they had failed to play with intelligence down the stretch, a characteristic West has instilled. Then on Sunday snafus didn't seem to matter over a whole 48 minutes as the Philadelphia 76ers took out the Lakers 102-97.

When Los Angeles owner Jack Kent Cooke traded his estate plus the better part of downtown Inglewood to get Abdul-Jabbar before last season began, nobody expected Los Angeles to lose a game, much less a division. When Cooke hired West last summer nobody expected the team to win. The change was a result of a disastrous season in which there

were 17 different starting lineups and an abundance of overcoaching, notably by one assistant, high up in the seats, whom the disgruntled players called "Eye in the Sky."

Organization, then, was West's priority. From a plethora of applicants for assistant coach—including one then unemployed analyst of five named Sonny Hill—West hired Jack McCloskey, a former head coach of the Portland Trail Blazers, and Sean Albeck, an assistant at Kentucky in the ABA. Then, as he had promised, West shared the load, leaning on McCloskey for defense and scouting and on Albeck for offense and clipboard statistics.

"At other places you're a shill for the head guy," says Albeck. "But from the start this was never an ego trip for Jerry. I had never met him, but he made everybody feel comfortable and he was sincere. Jerry West really wanted help."

"Heck, when I played we never ran any plays," says West. "I didn't know anything."

What West did was install a structured system of "helping" defense and patterned offense in which the Lakers spread the court so that their outside shooters—the resurrected Cazzie Russell, veteran Guard Lucius Allen and rookie Earl Tatum—get picks and screens in their favorite spots. In Tatum's case, this sometimes includes the Santa Monica pier.

While these men have been filling it up and while 6' 8" Kermit Washington—he of the longshoreman's muscles and the "Eagle Launcher" push shot—has been pounding the boards, Abdul-Jabbar has been relieved of the red-dogging defenses or, as he says, "the 101st Airborne on my back." He has added the turnaround "moon ball" jumper to his arsenal and is having his absolutely best season. Currently Abdul-Jabbar is first in the NBA in shooting percentage, second in scoring, rebounding and blocked shots and obviously reinvigorated by the arrival of West, not to mention the emergence of Portland's Bill Walton.

The Lakers have defeated the Blazers in all three of their meetings—by three, four and five points—and the Abdul-Jabbar-Walton matchup has become the most spectacular entertainment in the game. Walton, whose inflamed Achilles is now in a cast, missed one of the L.A. games but in the other two the combined rival lines read: Kareem of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

A shot that's hard to reject: Abdul-Jabbar hooks one toward the hoop over Rich Kelley of New Orleans.

Krop, 67 points, 30 rebounds: Mountain Man, 54 points, 47 rebounds.

Abdul-Jabbar is laughing and joking more this year, opening up and doing joyful things like slapping palms with West and heaving the ball to the rafters after his 40-point, 12-rebound number in an overtime win at Cleveland.

"I'm happy again," Abdul-Jabbar said last week over a lobster omelet. "Winning makes me happy. It's what made Milwaukee tolerable. Last year we never got anything done. I was not optimistic in the preseason. But Jerry came in and organized, which I could not anticipate. Without arrogance, he was frank in what he wanted to do. You look at our team and you're not impressed. We got the type of players... well, people go to sleep on us."

West has been assiduous in promoting that sort of image: "Lucky." "The bubble will burst any moment." "Mystery team." These are the public utterances with which the coach explains Los Angeles' sudden success. Everything is downplayed, nobody boasts. One would never suspect that, at heart, West firmly believes that he can win the NBA championship in his very first try.

A team publicist asked the coach for a quick quote on another of his reclamation projects, defensive specialist Don Chaney, and West said, "Sure, Chaney's terrific. He could have held me to maybe 58 if I was playing on one leg."

Though the remark was made in jest—Chaney has solved last year's Laker propensity for being destroyed by big guards—at exemplifies West's ultra-purist judgment that the NBA is in a down year with lots of borderline players making a living on lots of mediocre teams.

Though it might be easy to flout "the way I did it" or to use the unblemished name of Jerry West as an example of excellence, the coach's image has yet to intrude on the 38-year-old West's marvelous rapport with younger players. "I couldn't look him in the eye at first," says Tatum. "Now I got to."

West has endured Tatum's wild rookie mistakes, the kind he himself never made in 14 years as "Mr. Clutch," without screaming or throwing Tatum off the nearest Disneyland ride. In addition, he is the only coach in the league to get past midseason without a technical foul.

"Can you believe this?" Albeck says. "Jerry believes the refs aren't out to get us. What a dreamer!" Says West,

"Sixth man" on the Lakers and oldest in point of service, Washington goes for two against Philadelphia.

"My patience has really surprised me."

In like manner, the L.A. depth has stunned the NBA. Washington is a terror as a sixth man. Backup Center C. J. Kupec has turned a brilliant shooting touch into Laker insurance when Abdul-Jabbar takes a break. Then there is Johnny (Be Good) Neumann, another Laker who was rescued from the scrap heap and who impressed right away with his reverent manner.

After an errant ball hit Abdul-Jabbar on the head in practice, Neumann shattered the eerie silence with, "Maybe that'll wake him up."

Waking up is something West wishes he could do more of. An insomniac, he appears to have aged several years since training camp. Large circles under the eyes and hands glistening with sweat in airline terminals partly justify friends' opinions that West is worn down and unable to enjoy his new life.

Of Bossman Cooke's infamous, Finleyesque meddling, West simply says, "If you know me, you know I'm stubborn. I am the Laker coach. No problems." Yet it is known that Cooke had promised West expensive new personnel and that West was livid when all those high-priced forwards changed teams early in the season and Los Angeles didn't get one.

The two haven't spoken in weeks, but from his absentee headquarters in Vegas, Cooke recently came up with a solution to Neumann's weight problems. Cooke suggested to the front office that the Lakers tie a six-pound roast beef to Neumann's waist during practice. When the workout was over and Neumann untied the roast, he would know what loving six pounds felt like. Naturally, Cooke also suggested the Lakers keep the meat and have dinner on him.

"This is a silly business," West says. "The travel exhausts me more than when I played. The pressure is no fun. I won't stay in it for long. It's a kids' game and all a coach does is organize, condition and communicate. Other than that, you're at the mercy of your players. If a coach takes himself seriously, he's a fool. I don't take myself seriously."

But if the rest of the NBA doesn't take Los Angeles seriously, they too will be at the mercy of the Lakers. And, of course, the biggest fools of all.





THE DAY THE GOLD TURNED GREEN

With Muhammad Ali's trainer, Angelo Dundee, working in his corner, Olympic gold medalist Sugar Ray Leonard brought boxing back to Baltimore, whipping Luis Vega and collecting a cool \$40,044 in his professional debut **by Pat Putnam**

TELEGRAM TO JIMMY CARTER, THE WHITE HOUSE
I respectfully invite you and your family to be present at my professional debut in Baltimore, Saturday, Feb. 5 at 4:30 p.m. This will be my first bout since winning the Olympic gold medal in Montreal. If you are unable to attend, please tune in CBS television. With great expectations, Sincerely,
SUGAR RAY LEONARD

Now it was the turn of the one they call Sugar. His last fight had been against a Cuban in Montreal more than six months ago, and when it was over they had given him a gold medal. "I'll never fight again," Sugar Ray Leonard said then. "My journey has ended, my dream is fulfilled." But there he was last Saturday af-

ternoon in Baltimore, climbing into the ring to face a sturdy Puerto Rican named Luis Vega, and for this six-round fight they would give him \$40,044.

"Why?" Leonard smiled at the question one day last week. At the Olympics he had said he would attend the University of Maryland rather than turn professional. "I guess you could say it was reality," he said. "And my responsibilities." Reality for Leonard is his mother Getha, a slender, attractive nurse. She suffered a mild heart attack just before the Olympics and no longer is able to work. Reality is his father Cicero, who is hospitalized with meningitis and tuberculosis of the spine. Reality is the support of his 3-year-old son, Ray Charles Leonard Jr.

"Even then it wasn't an easy decision,"

Leonard said. "I meant it at the time when I said I didn't want to fight anymore. But I felt I owed it to my family. They are down and I am capable of lifting them up and putting them in a good financial position."

In addition, there were heavy outside pressures. After returning from Montreal, Leonard was besieged daily with offers to turn pro and for endorsements and speaking engagements. People would call at 3 a.m. Strangers were always knocking at the door. The handsome 20-year-old shook his head at the memory. "The living room was always full of people," Leonard said. "They'd sit around all day, and half the time I didn't know who they were. Every time I opened the front door another stranger would walk in."

Desperate, Leonard sought out an old

and trusted friend, Janis Morton, who had helped train him as an amateur. In turn, Morton introduced Leonard to another Maryland friend, attorney Mike Trainer. "I'd trust Mike with everything I own," Morton told Sugar Ray.

Working gratis, Trainer lined up Leonard with Arthur Young and Co., the accounting firm, and a public-relations man, Charlie Brotman. Then he talked 24 friends and business associates into underwriting Sugar Ray's career with an investment of \$21,000, to be repaid within four years at 8% interest. Finally, Trainer incorporated Leonard, the sole stockholder, as Sugar Ray Leonard, Inc. Leonard draws a \$475 salary twice a month, the rest of what he earns will be invested.

"You can't believe the things Sugar Ray had been trying to do on his own," Brotman said. "He just didn't know how to say no. Everyone wanted him as a speaker, and he was running everywhere morning, noon and night."

Leonard signed on as a boxing analyst with CBS, and last month in Las Vegas he worked at ringside when his Olympic teammates, Howard Davis and Leon Spinks, made their pro debuts. He has been offered roles in movies, and the people who made *Roots* say they wish he had come along sooner, that he was a natural for one of the parts.

"The offers coming in are tremendous," said Brotman. "Metown records wants him to do a song for them. And the licensing people—dolls, games, T-shirts—are talking numbers that spin my head. Hundreds of thousands of dollars. What Sugar Ray makes as a fighter probably will be only one-third of what he makes overall."

On the recommendation of Muhammad Ali, Leonard selected Angelo Dundee as his manager. Dundee, who has trained or managed 10 world champions and has been with Ali since his second professional fight, will work for 15% of what Leonard makes as a fighter. As trainer, Leonard picked Dave Jacobs, who has been with him since his earliest days as an amateur in Palmer Park, Md. With Jacobs in his corner, Sugar Ray won 145 of 150 amateur fights (with 75 knockouts), three Golden Gloves titles, five international championships, two national AAU crowns, as well as Pan-American Games and Olympic gold medals. As an amateur, he was unbeaten in his last 40 fights, or since Jan. 17, 1973.

"It's beautiful," Leonard said. "I'm with people I trust. I was always afraid of being just a piece of someone's property, with no say in my career. I don't have to worry about that anymore. And as soon as I repay that \$21,000, I'm my own man."

When Leonard announced he was turning pro, the city of Baltimore, which considers him a hometown boy although he lives a few miles to the south, said it would like to stage the fight. Baltimore promoters, however, were loath to come up with the money. "To heck with them," said Louis Grasmick, a local lumberyard owner and a commissioner of Baltimore's Civic Center. "I'll put up \$10,000 toward his purse." CBS came up with another \$10,000. Leonard also was promised the first \$5,000 after the live gate passed \$30,000, and half of everything beyond that. The other half would go to the City of Baltimore, which acted as the promoter.

Dundee was offered four opponents by matchmaker Eddie Hrica, and selected Vega, a low-slung brawler out of Reading, Pa. with a 14-8-3 record. "Vega's no setup," said Dundee. "He's tough and he knows how to fight. You can't start off against stiff. I want to know right away if Leonard will carry over into the pros the same type of potential he had in the amateurs. All of us have seen kids who look like world-beaters, but for some reason they don't make it when the money is on the line. Against a guy like Vega we'll find out right away how well Ray is going to adjust."

At his noon workouts in the Civic Center, Leonard drew 500 to 800 fans, many of whom admitted they had never been to a fight. The match was ballyhooed on billboards, posters and even on the backs of buses, and by Friday night more than \$47,000 worth of tickets had been sold. The highest previous indoor fight gate in the city was \$41,000 for an Ali exhibition.

But by Friday, even the gracious Leonard had become exhausted from the non-stop promotional campaign. Up early in the morning for a run, he went back to bed without eating breakfast. In the afternoon he took some friends and his son Ray Jr. to see the movie *Rocky*. That night he had been scheduled to make an appearance at a local Chinese restaurant. He had to say no. Instead, he had dinner at a downtown hotel and went to bed. Saturday morning he reappeared as fresh as ever. "The only thing I can find wrong

with him," said Commissioner Dr. Charles Tommasello at the noon weigh-in and medical checkup, "is that he can't stand cold hands."

Climbing into the ring that afternoon, Vega—nicknamed the Bull—looked as tough as Dundee had predicted. He had never been knocked off his feet. For this fight he would make only \$650, and he knew a victory over Leonard would put him in line for bigger money. He was predicting a knockout.

A few minutes later Leonard entered the arena, a slender figure in a sharp purple robe he designed himself, and when the Civic Center's PA system blared forth the Olympic theme song, the crowd went wild. Smiling, Leonard climbed into the ring.

"When he does that," said Jacobs, "something happens to him. Outside of the ring he's a gentle, kind human being. In that ring he becomes a killer."

The fight started slowly—Vega, in the center of the ring, turning to follow the circling Leonard, who seemed content to run up points with his jab. Halfway through the second round, a different Leonard, a professional, emerged. He began to work quickly, confidently, banging away with furious combinations, although the long post-Olympic layoff had left him less than sharp. In the fourth round he sliced open the corner of Vega's left eye and had the Bull bleeding from the nose. The pace slowed in the fifth round, but for Vega it was only a momentary respite. "Let's see you back him up," Dundee said to Leonard as he came out for the sixth and final round. Throwing murderous shots, Leonard bounced the game Puerto Rican about the ring, but at the end Vega was still on his feet.

"It was like a replay of *Rocky*," Leonard said later. "I hit him so many combinations and he still didn't go down. He was the courageous underdog and he was still in there at the end. Vega is a champion, too."

The three officials gave every round to Leonard. The shutout was witnessed by 10,270 who paid \$72,320. Adding Grasmick's \$10,000 and CBS' \$10,000 brought Leonard's share to \$40,044. There's no telling how much he might have taken home if he had ever made it to the Chinese restaurant.

No matter. He'll get another chance on April 2 in Baltimore. Grasmick has already put up the first \$10,000, and Jimmy Carter will get another invitation. **END**

THREE APPLICATIONS FOR ONE VACANCY

Old champ Indiana has been evicted, but Michigan, Minnesota and Purdue are elbowing each other to occupy the Big Ten penthouse **by Larry Keith**

There was a time—March 29, 1976 to be exact—when a Michigan victory over Indiana would have given the Wolverines the NCAA championship and cause for wild celebration. But when that victory finally came last Thursday night in Ann Arbor's Crisler Arena, Michigan's first over the Hoosiers since 1974, nobody cut down the nets or hoisted a trophy. Frankly, Michigan has more important things to worry about these days than Indiana. Although the young Hoosiers are improving, it is the veterans of Minnesota and Purdue who are harrying the Wolverines.

Just consider the results of last week, in which Michigan won twice, Minnesota once and Purdue split. All of this left the Wolverines (10-1) and Gophers (7-1) essentially tied for the Big Ten lead with one loss each, and the Boilermakers (8-2) right behind with two. But Purdue, improved by the return of senior Guard Bruce Parkinson, who was injured last season, is the only team to beat the Gophers. Minnesota looks more impos-

than a 12-foot snowdrift with Center Mike Thompson and Guards Ray Williams and Osborne Lockhart combining for 56 points a game. (Alas, the Gophers are on NCAA probation and cannot participate in the playoffs.)

Minnesota, in fact, is the very place the Wolverines were headed on Monday night after they had defeated the Hoosiers 89-84 and Ohio State 93-72. Those victories were especially gratifying to Wolverine fans because they extended Michigan's overall record to 17-2, protected its Top Ten and Big Ten ranking and, most important, halted a slump that had produced three closer-than-expected wins and one wider-than-expected defeat (99-87 to Northwestern). "If we had lost to Indiana," said Coach John Orr, "we might not have played 500 ball the rest of the way."

Much has been expected of Michigan this season. This is, after all, the team

that finished second in the nation last year and was picked by many to move up a notch this year. Providence thought so much of its double-overtime defeat of the Wolverines in late December that it printed a special pamphlet telling all about it. Orr may fret about complacency, defensive lapses and offensive consistency, but can a lineup that includes Rickey (Shake 'n Bake) Green, Phil (The Hub) Hubbard and Steve (Grin) Grote be all bad?

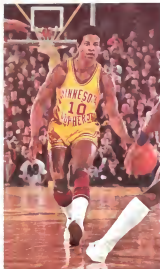
Hardly. There were plenty of indications last week that the Wolverines were starting to ease on down, ease on down the road. Michigan ended a five-game losing streak to Indiana by sinking 10 consecutive free throws in the final two minutes to break a 79-all tie. Against Ohio State, ferocious defense helped turn the game into a fast-break drill—29 of the 39 baskets came on dunks, layups and tip-ins. As for individual heroics, Green matched his career high of 32 points on Thursday, and on Saturday his apartment mate and former high school teammate, Forward John Robinson, scored his season high of 22. One wonders what Robinson has been putting in those tuna casseroles he whips up for dinner.

If there was a disappointment last week it was the play of the sophomore center, Hubbard, who fouled out against Indiana and scored only 17 points in two games. Orr was encouraged, though, that the Wolverines could manage so well without him.

When Michigan is at its best, it is the most exciting team in the country, which could never be said of the school's football team. The Wolverine offense is a razzmatazz of alley oops, slam dunks and bombs away from 25 feet. On defense Michigan overplays, double-teams and tries to block any shot that does not scratch the ceiling. And even though there often seems to be chaos on the court, every bit of the attack is carefully programmed.

The player who makes a go is the 6' 1"

Ray Williams of the Gophers and the Boilermakers' Bruce Parkinson are keeping their teams up



Green, the team leader in scoring, steals and assists who also ranks improbably high in dunks and blocked shots. There are better shooters, defenders and play-makers among the nation's guards but none is faster, quicker or generates more excitement. "He moves so fast," says an opponent. "you don't know where he's coming from."

Surprisingly, Green was not hotly pursued while he was leading his Chicago high school team to the Illinois state championship. Michigan was the only Big Ten university to offer a scholarship, but even it did not get him until he improved his scholastic standing during two All-America seasons at Vincennes Junior College. Last year he and Indiana's Scott May were the only unanimous choices on the all-conference team.

Because of his rebounding, Hubbard may be even more valuable to the team than Green. With Kent Benson at Indiana and Thompson at Minnesota, Hubbard is only the third-best center in the league but, if given the opportunity, he could probably become the best forward. The skinny 6' 7" sophomore showed his promise at that position while playing for the U.S. Olympic team. Michigan would gladly make the change, but so far its recruiting efforts have turned up no one better. Hubbard has an eye on a few prospects in his home state of Ohio, though "I'm getting tired of being beat up," he says, "but if that is where the team needs me, I'll stay. I just hope to get a chance before I leave to show what I can do at forward."

Green's 21.1 scoring average and Hubbard's 18.8 make them the only Wolverines in double figures, but Grote plays an important role also. He is, Orr says, "no party-cake and at times looks as if he should be playing for Bo Schembechler, the football coach." Two broken noses, a sprained thumb and torn cartilage in his chest have not slowed him down a bit in his fourth season as a starter. He manages to survive on toughness ("I love to make my opponents feel bad").

Even with this collection of veteran talent, Orr worries that "we aren't where we should be. I'm still having to make changes at the other forward position, which is something the very best teams never have to do. But I do believe we can



Rickie Green, driving against Indiana, put away the old champs with a career high 32 points

beat any team we play without special adjustments. Last season against Indiana we zoned some because we knew they were better than us. This year we played our own game and Indiana changed some things—a different lineup, a different offense to combat our press."

If Michigan does return to the final four, credit should also go to Assistant Coach Bill Frieder, a self-made basketball man whose 24-hour devotion to the game makes the head coach and everyone else around him seem lax by comparison. Orr has always had good assistants (Fred Snowden, now at Arizona, Jim Dutcher, now at Minnesota) and has always given them a great deal of responsibility and authority. Except for Orr's veto power and greater visibility, Frieder is in many ways the head coach—making out the schedule, coordinating the recruiting, running the basketball camp,

formulating and implementing much of the strategy.

Frieder even points out, in case no one notices, that Orr began his string of three NCAA appearances when Frieder joined the staff. Indeed, Orr asked Frieder not to leave last year when he was considering taking a head coaching job. "John's biggest attribute," says Frieder, "is his ability to hire good assistants. Otherwise I don't think we would be as successful as we are."

So far the Michigan system has worked. It has been more than three years since somebody ran for student-body president on a Dump Orr platform. The team is winning. Crisler Arena is filled. And Orr can continue to be the nice guy he has always been without worrying about his job. Frieder will see to that. And if Frieder doesn't, there are always Rickie Green and Phil Hubbard. **END**

RECORD RUN ON THE SOUTHERN SEA

A classy fleet had to play ketch-up behind the big yacht Kialoa in the key race of the SORC series

by Coles Phizley

Any sailor of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference awakening today after a long sleep would, like Rip Van Winkle, find the world greatly changed. Where are the handsome schooners and the sweet little yawls of yesteryear? Where are the pristine white yachts with the dreamy, faraway names? Where are Crodo, Caribbee, Wakiva, Kanana and Tahuna? They are gone, all gone.

In their names and the sassy colors they wear, and in a half dozen more meaningful ways, the boats that have replaced such sweet old girls on the southern circuit reflect the intensity of these times. The hot new boats in Classes B and C—where the liveliest action is—are called *Imp*, *Gonnagutchu*, *Jack Knute*, *Boorlegger*, *Big Schott*, *Love Machine* and *Sweet Okole*. (*Sweet Okole* is an innocent enough name until translated. The boat is a very light, wide-beamed craft with barely any taper to her stern; thus her name—which in Hawaiian pig English means "sweet behind").

In his famous Caribbean painting titled *Gulf Stream*, Winslow Homer portrayed a lone Bahamian, forlornly adrift in a dismasted sloop, surrounded by sharks. If *Big Schott*, a hull almost identical to last year's top circuit winner *Williwaw*, had been the boat depicted by Homer, the sharks would have been scared off. In addition to a bright boat top, *Big Schott* has a peach-colored deck and three wide stripes of red, yellow and orange running bow to stern on her topsides. Her spinnakers have seven colors that vibrate: "When we set our chute behind you," says Seymour Smeti, the New Jerseyite who is campaigning her, "you know we're coming." The topsides of *Imp*, the most successful boat on the circuit to date, are bright green—graduated stripes of green that increase





PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWERARDT

in intensity from her sheer line to waterline, as if she had been sitting in a large vat of paint when the tide went out. *Love Machine* is gun-metal gray with a bright green mast and transom and a green boot top and topside stripe to match. In color scheme she is a dead ringer for the mustard-gas shells that were never fired in World War II.

In the early days of the circuit the longest race used to start in St. Petersburg, Fla., the world's sunniest cemetery, and finish in swinging Havana. The sharp change in Cuba's political climate in the late '50s put an end to that—and, all told, for the better. The 284-mile course from Sun City to Sun City was almost a straight drop south. The St. Pete-Havana race was sometimes a drag and sometimes a gear buster, but either way, it rarely afforded a test on all points of sailing. In 1961 the finish line was switched to Fort Lauderdale, 403 miles from the start by safe seaway. For about 200 miles the new course runs along the old line to Havana. Then, beyond the shallow ground west of the Keys, it turns easterly in an arc and finally heads north, past Miami, to Lauderdale.

This winter, what with the way the North Pole seems to have shifted from its normal position to the neighborhood of Buffalo, nobody, not even the smartest blind mice employed by the National Weather Service, knew what sort of weather sailors on the circuit might expect. In the first of the six races that count for SORC points—a 138-miler from St. Pete down

continued

An immense spinnaker pulls Kialoa away from Scaramouche and Destination after the St. Pete start. Below: Skipper Jim Kilroy.



the Gulf Coast to Boca Grande and back—a cold front swept through, giving the fleet a fast run to the leeward mark. Then, after the larger boats had tacked a good part of the way home, the wind clocked enough for the smaller boats to reach along much of the return leg. As a consequence, *Imp*, *Sweet Ole*, *Love Machine*, *Gonnagitcha*, *Boot-Jegger* and other flashy little One Ton and Two Ton devils did handsomely, beating most of the big Class A hulls on corrected time.

Four days later, at the start of the St. Pete-Lauderdale race, it looked as if the 64-boat fleet was in for more of the same. The fleet left Tampa Bay, pushed by an

18-knot northeast wind. For half a day the wind stayed roughly northeast, fitfully rising and falling. Then it slowly began clocking around, east to south to southwest and on to west. In this ordinary weather a 79-foot ketch with the sweet-sounding name of *Kialoa* gave her 63 rivals a whompung such as no SORC fleet has suffered before. Before the race was more than 10 hours old, only the ketch *Ondine*, of almost identical rating, had any chance of taking any honors away from *Kialoa*. In the end *Kialoa* beat *Ondine* by two hours, 27 minutes.

To avoid fluky conditions at the start, six miles of the course inside Tampa Bay were lopped off this year. Discounting

40 minutes for this shortening, with a clocking of 42 hours, four minutes, 37 seconds, *Kialoa* still beat the course record by two and a half hours, and did so in winds that rarely exceeded 18 knots and were usually much less. She scampered around to Fort Lauderdale so smartly that she reached the finish line an hour before the commuttee boat was on station. The commuttee men dutifully logged an second-place *Ondine* when she crossed the line on the edge of dawn. Then they sat and sat and sat, from sun-up past sunset, waiting for a third boat, but none came. Astonished at the gap behind *Kialoa* and *Ondine*, Patrick Talbot, a member of the race jury, asked owner-skipper Jim Kilroy of *Kialoa*. "What did you do out there? Lay a minefield behind you?" A reporter suggested that the other 62 boats had been swallowed up in the Bermuda Triangle.

Because of her long lines and two tall masts, outwardly *Kialoa* harks back to the beautiful hulls of yore, but the resemblance is only skin deep. Inside, like the best of the fat little boats that she soundly thrashed in the Lauderdale race, she is a technological bomb. Winches sprout from her deck in profusion, like toadstools on a damp lawn. Skipper Kilroy of *Kialoa*, son of a gambling gold miner, was born 54 years ago in the Indian town of Ruby on the south bank of the Yukon. He was raised and educated in Southern California, but despite his exposure to two contrasting environments, neither noted for a surplus of normalcy, Kilroy is a man of level perspective. He was an accomplished aviator and successful industrial developer before he ever took sailing seriously. "A sailboat race is not a crap shoot," he is wont to say. "Crap shooting may buy you a victory once in a while, but in the long run it will kill you." In the 30-odd races of 50 miles or more in length in which she has competed in her short life of two and a half years, *Kialoa* has been first across the line every time, winning a respectable share of first and second places on corrected time against rivals great and small. Her Lauderdale win is certainly one of her top performances, and the best way to appreciate it is by trying to detract from it as much as possible.

On the southern circuit this year as last, there is no overall winner officially; the emphasis is on class winners in two separate divisions. All boats dating before 1974 qualify for Division I, the

continued

Somewhere beneath spinaker and blooper is the ketch *Ondine*, second *Anahua* at Lauderdale



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newer craft for Division II. In a race as long as Lauderdale, where boats of different ratings may be well strung out along the course, changes in wind speed or direction may favor the front of the pack more than the back, or vice versa. Although the wind was swinging during this year's race, it did not really hit many of the fleet hard on the nose for long. Some Class C and Class B boats in both divisions fell into holes in the wind around Rebecca Shoals, where the course begins to bend to the east. Throughout the race the wind gradually slackened, thus giving the smaller boats the slows as Kialoa neared the finish line. This accounts for a good bit of her huge margin, but it is not explanation enough. In her own Class A of Division II, Kialoa gave time allowances ranging from 6½ to more than 10 hours to 12 rivals. Thus, there were contenders who should have been moving through the same weather, fairly close to her at least through the first half of the race, but somehow they could not hold the pace. The biggest time allowance Kialoa gave away in her division was 17 hours, 37 minutes, to *Cold Gold*, a 34-foot sloop. If she had given the same liberal allowance to all her 39 other rivals in Division II, she still would have won division and class.

The third boat across the line—15 hours behind Kialoa—was *Dora IV*, a Class A boat in Division I, skippered by Ted Turner, the temporarily banished baseball baron. An hour later along came another oldie, *Herritage*, the one-time America's Cup hopeful. Then, through the third night, boats poured across the line as if a dam had broken.

Just before 4 a.m., *Imp*, the little multi-green monster, showed up. She was preceded by five rivals in Class B of Division II, but saved her time to win her class again. Shortly after seven o'clock the first Class C boat, *Sweet Okole*, finished. Afterward, three of her crew were lounging around a yacht club pool, shedding huge crocodile tears. It had been Okole's third straight win, but, they lamented, with such poor, slumping wind, their big-bottomed beauty had not had a chance to show what she could really do.

There had been only one really big winner, but by the time most of the fleet was in and crews had gathered to have a drink and hash over the happenings at sea (becoming more exuberant with each recounting) it was hard to believe that anybody had been a loser.

END

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Putting On a Hill of a Show

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but many come to ski and be
seen doing their number, and there are
no better spots than the trails under the lift lines.

From California's Mammoth Mountain at
right, where Chair No. 3 is front row center, to the runs
on the following pages, all the best slopes are really a stage.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN





While lift riders look on from Vail's No. 11 chair, the show off does a jump-off





Look Me look everybody this is me leaping off the edge of the world and right into their laps on Al's Run at Taos



Geländesprungen for the holes in the gondola at Mammoth



Skiving the Lift Line from the run of the same name at Sugarbush



It All Just Sort Of Happened

by William Oscar Johnson

It is possible that nobody knew it would work out this way. Back in the '40s the main concern of most U.S. ski area operators was to build a device that would get the customers up the hill so they could ski down. And it followed that these ski lifts should be constructed according to the rudimentary geometric principle that the shortest—and cheapest—distance between two points is a straight line. Usually, the shortest way up also turned out to be the steepest, and as a result the terrain under a lift line is just about the meanest on the mountain.

So far, so good. But one thing the resort operators hadn't figured on was that skiers like to show off and where better than on the hairiest trails on the mountain? Thus, no sooner would a new lift be installed and its rocks, stumps and tower bases covered with snow than there the skiers came, bombing right down the lift lines. The trails, often perilously narrow, became a stage for winter theater: everybody did his act for the benefit of the audience riding the chairs and gondola cars, wheeling, jumping, tight-turning—and falling. Knowing a profitable thing when they saw it, the area operators then began to do their best to help the hot dogs, clearing the lift lines completely of trees and grooming the trails below. It all seems to have worked out well.

Chan Weller, director of marketing at Sugarbush in Warren, Vt., says, "Sometimes instead of going directly from Point A to Point B, we build a lift from Point A to Point B-plus—just so we can stay with the fall line and have the sort of terrain that we can make a run out of. It may cost more, but there is nothing like a great lift line to keep skiers

happy." Ernie Blake, founder of New Mexico's Taos resort, says, "One of the most important things at any area is boosting the ego of the hotshot who wants to show off for his girl friend and all his friends on the chair lift. Our greatest lift line run is Al's Run, and everyone who skis Taos insists on going down it. Even snowplow skiers get up there; those snowplows push an awful lot of snow down the mountain when they go, but a lift line attracts them all."

At Sugarbush, says Weller, the management sometimes arranges for 30 or 40 ski-school instructors to be at the top of one of their best lift lines—the Mall or Hot Shot—just as the first chairloads of ski-school students are on the way up the mountain. "Then we send the instructors flying down the slope, two dozen, three dozen fantastic skiers, flying down through moguls and powder, hollering and yelling all the way. You can't imagine what that does for those people riding the lift. It gets them all excited; they come off the chairs quivering for action. They love their lessons and they're all worked up. In fact, lift line skiing can really get a whole mountain together. You run the line; all your friends see you, they holler down at you. That night in the bars you're all talking about how you saw each other running the line. It's a great feeling."

The fact that it is also entertainment is confirmed by the names of typical lift line runs from Catamount in New York to Mammoth Mountain in California, names that reflect the true motives of many skiers: Limelight, Exhibition, Hot Shot, Stage Center, Look Ma!, Showcase, Stargazer, Twilight Zone and Curtain Up.

END

Everybody watching? The Aspen audience never fails to get a hit out of a backscratcher on Ruffie's Run



A student at the University of Hawaii Medical

DORMANT NO MORE, DUNCAN IS ERUPTING

A 50-so miler, Duncan Macdonald, the son of a Hawaiian volcanologist, has burst into prominence by breaking the U.S. 5,000 record and winning races from two miles up to the marathon

by KENNY MOORE

As Duncan Macdonald sits on the rough stone of the seawall beside Honolulu's yacht harbor, he gets more and more uncomfortable. He is trying to do a favor for a friend by describing the day last August in Stockholm when he set the American 5,000-meter record of 13:19.4. Somehow, on this mild December afternoon, with Christmas crowds jamming the shopping center across the street, that race seems distant and vaguely embarrassing. "There was a rabbit for the first two miles," he says, his tone flat, "but he was eight or 10 seconds slower than world-record pace. Then Rod Dixon [of New Zealand, who had been fourth in the Olympic 5,000] led for a kilometer, but he was not very fast either. I think he was saving up for a kick to make sure he won. I didn't let him do it." Macdonald's preventive measure was

to set off on a scorching drive over the last three laps, forcing the race back into record country. "Dixon took me right at the bell for the final lap. Down the last backstretch I lengthened my stride, something that usually doesn't happen, and I discovered he wasn't getting away. I didn't feel I was in control, but at least I hadn't given up. Then on the turn I found something. I started to lift, passed him at the head of the stretch and just blew on in. Surprised the hell out of me."

Macdonald is unmoved during this recital, but sitting beside him is his wife of two years, Darby Meyer, who was there that day in Stockholm, and now her eyes are shining. "I was absolutely astonished," she says. "I had never seen Duncan kick before."

No one had. Long a good journeyman miler (he ran a 3:59.6 for Stanford as far back as 1970), Macdonald was known for his ability to set a brisk pace and then succumb to the kicks of others. But his sprint last August capped the most abrupt rise of an American distance runner since Gerry Lindgren came out of high school in 1964 and toppled the Russians in the



School, Macdonald trains 70 miles a week, often on the sands of Kaihua Beach near his Oahu home

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER KOESS JR.

it. It wasn't exactly non-pressure; it was humane. Marshall Clark, who coaches the distance runners, knows there are other things in your life. That was important to Duncan because he was known as the wonder runner in Hawaii, but he felt he was more than that."

Scattering his energies for his first two seasons, Macdonald ran without distinction. Then, in his junior year, having discovered the fascination of biology, a major which would eventually lead him to medicine, he turned to running in earnest. In an early-season meet against Oregon he led most of the mile, then watched helplessly as four Webfoot runners cruised by on the last lap. "He came up in the stands afterward," recalls Clark. "He was beet red, with fury in his eyes, a kind of twisted smirk on his face. I pointed out that the Oregon runners were still jogging, cooling down, and how it might be a good idea to go talk to them and find out what they did differently. 'I will,' he said. 'That's the last time they do that to me.' And at the Pac-8 meet later that year he went under four minutes, and only one Oregon runner—Roscoe Divine—beat him."

But Macdonald was not a lucky runner. "There were always freaky injuries and illnesses, sprains and poison oak," says Clark. "After his 3:59.6—still the only sub-four-minute mile ever run by a Stanford undergraduate—he developed a strange nerve problem in his leg. He couldn't make the final in the NCAA meet. I remember him standing behind the awards platform while the first six got their medals, and his expression was like that on the day of the Oregon dual meet. He was terribly upset." Clark thinks for a moment. "We never talked about those disappointments, although I could with other runners, but they were there."

These silences were a measure of the potency of his disappointments. They surely fired Macdonald's running during his last year at Stanford. Where twice before he had turned down trips to the NCAA cross-country meet because he felt unqualified for the six-mile distance, he now began setting course records. "His mileage went up. His motivation went up," says Clark.

It must have helped to room with Kar-

continued

10,000. Macdonald had run his first serious 5,000 only two months before his record. Three weeks later he made the Olympic team. In Montreal a tactical error in his 5,000 heat cost him a spot in the final, but 13 days later he was the American record holder, slicing 2.8 seconds from the late Steve Prefontaine's best of 13:22.2.

Now, at 28, with a winter of careful training behind him and a genuine curiosity about how close he might come to Emile Puttemans' world record of 13:13.0, Duncan Macdonald is perhaps the world's most promising runner. How he managed this transition is a tale filled with wonder—a considerable amount of it his own—all the more so because he did it while suffering the vicissitudes of medical school, tendon surgery and a house built largely of window frames.

Macdonald was born on the island of Hawaii, where his father is a volcanologist. He went to high school in Kailua, on the windward side of Oahu, where he set state records in the mile (4:11.8) and 880 (a still standing 1:52.7), records distinguished by the paucity of training

that led up to them. A classmate recently recalled that Duncan was a runner. "But all I remember about him then was that he really liked beer," Macdonald, overhearing the comment, gave his classmate a composed little smile. "Nothing has changed," he said.

In the backwater that was Hawaii high school track, Macdonald's gifts found little test. "After about three meets I had raced everybody in the state," he says. The challenges did not begin until he arrived at Stanford in 1967. "It took me a while to grow into my pond again. There were shocks that might not have been so severe if I'd been from California with its vast pool of competition."

Some of that adjustment entailed the working out of a problem familiar to most intelligent athletes, one which may still touch Macdonald. His roommate, Olympic marathoner Don Kardong, describes running at Stanford: "You never had a sense that your duty was simply four years of competition. Instead, running was just one option among many, and you had to develop your own feelings about what you were going to do with

dong, a frohesome soul, who was to finish fourth in the Montreal marathon. Kardong's gentle, tangential wit—at one time he espoused the nutritive virtues of Froot Loops and beer—has resulted in a nickname which he congenially uses. A friend returning from a long run once found on his doormat a message constructed of hundreds of tiny fir twigs painstakingly collected from the yard. In script, it read, "Dingy was here."

Now a sixth grade teacher in Spokane, Kardong is as free of anxiety as any sentient mortal can be. Yet, beside Macdonald, he seems a type-A compulsive. "It is just that I have never seen Duncan do anything on time," Kardong says. "It's one reason why he is to be treasured. He's just operating in a completely different time frame. He is correct when he says he is just now reaching maturity at 28. That doesn't have anything to do with the physiology of a runner. It just means he's finally gotten around to doing a few things."

Frank Shorter, for one, finds such a measured unfolding to Macdonald's advantage. "Patience really is a virtue in what we do," he says. "By that I mean having the faith in your own training and talent to carry you through the years it takes to improve. There is that certainty about Duncan. You know he's going to be a lot better. It's scary."

These observations of internal com-

pensatory drives and inevitable greatness leave Macdonald cold. He believes his motives essentially are unchanged from when he began running in the eighth grade. "Basically, I just like it, and I like it best when it's fast. I don't get a particular thrill out of beating people. Although there are a few . . ."

"Who?"

"I'm not telling. It's all so tactical anyway. Only thing worse than leading all the way and getting outkicked is following all the way and getting outkicked."

Kardong insists on the last word on the subject. "Duncan is very competitive, but not in a normal way. He was famous for the intensity of his interval workouts. No one could stay with him. Still, he is so low key off the track that you suspect running may be his way of screaming."

In the Munich Olympic year, the scream was more of a moan. By 1972 his personal best for the mile was down to 3:58.4. At the Trials, Macdonald ran strongly in all his races, but despite the fastest last lap of his life in the 1,500-meter finals, he could not match the finishing speed of Jim Ryun, Dave Wottle and three others and finished sixth. Nevertheless, he toured Europe that summer and even showed up in the Olympic Village with a superbly forged pass. In 1973 Macdonald began medical school at the University of Hawaii. "By that time I figured I was a marathoner simply because

it seemed to be my one opportunity to continue running," he says. "My right Achilles tendon [noticeably thicker than his left because of scar tissue] was being affected by work on the track." Macdonald won the Honolulu marathon that year in a modest 2:28, but the following spring the tendon needed surgery.

He recuperated in a shack in overgrown Palolo Valley behind Honolulu, a dwelling which began life as a bamboo pole between a couple of trees with a plastic sheet thrown over it. "Then it gradually grew up with layers of window frames and storm doors that we'd move around according to the direction of the rain," he says. "Still, it was only the size of a small living room and wouldn't pass any conceivable health code, what with the centipedes and mosquitoes." Macdonald tells of all this with the horrifying zest of a survivor, and, in fact, 1974-75 certainly was the nadir of his running life. "Yeah, I guess it was awful, slogging in my cast through the mud, fighting the cockroaches for possession of my medical books."

Eventually, Macdonald began to jog and then run again, somehow wedging in the time amid his studies. He now confides the lesson of his experience in combining training and medical school: "It can't be done." Pressed, he allows that if one is a distance runner who seldom needs a track or weight room, one might have a chance, although "there is a rather primal conflict between sleeping and not sleeping." Never a lengthy trainer—70 miles per week suits him nicely, while Shorter often does twice that—Macdonald napped every day in the medical library of his assigned hospital, snoring beside the bemused physicians. "When I enter my internship and residency, I'll have to cut way back," he says. Until then, however, Macdonald has been able to take some time away from school to run. Thus, he arrived at the summer of '76 in unusual condition: sound and fit.

"His tendon was holding together, and he was strong from those years of distance since the last Olympics," says Clark. "He just needed races." They were hard to find. "The meet directors were not really overjoyed to see him at the Fresno and Modesto Relays early last year. They remembered him as a miler."

At his own expense, Macdonald traveled to Eugene, Ore. in June for the Prefontaine Classic 5,000, still without any



At the Honolulu Medical Group laboratory, Macdonald examines a zoo elephant's 72-pound heart

qualifying mark for the Olympic Trials. "He knew he wasn't fast enough for the 1,500," says Kardong. "The move up in distance had the look of desperation, but he felt ready for it." The trouble was getting into the race. Meet Director Wade Bell, the 1968 Olympic half-miler and a crusty sort, wanted Duncan to stick to the 1,500. But a friend on the infield managed to switch Macdonald's entry in the last half hour before the gun. As the race was in progress, Bell looked up and said, "Is that Macdonald in there?"

"Yep. Going pretty well, too."

"He'd better."

Exchanging the lead with Paul Gers of the Oregon Track Club through the last mile and finishing second in 13:33.2, Macdonald cut his best time by nearly a minute, whipping, among others, Don Kardong.

In the Trials run on the same track, Macdonald laid a plan based on a mile's ability to sustain a hard pace for 2½ laps. He ran easily with the favorite, Dick Buertke, until they were well ahead of the field, clearly on their way to Montreal, and though he didn't need to, Macdonald burned the last 2½ laps anyway, forcing Buertke to a 13:26.6 win. Again Macdonald improved, to 13:29.6. "I couldn't believe that he was so casual before it all," a friend recalls. "On the track he seemed transformed from the mild, mischievous, funny guy I know. When it was over and he had made the team, someone threw a flower lei over his shoulders, and he was trotting around in a daze, totally unaware that the crowd was mad for him. He saw me by the fence and came over and said very directly, 'You had something to do with this. Thank you.' There was a shining gratification in his eyes. But later, away from the track, he was right back to normal, uncomfortable and silly under all the praise."

The praise has kept coming because Macdonald, running with ever greater assurance, has kept winning. Last December he won the Honolulu marathon from Boston champion Jack Fultz and 1,600 others in a personal best 2:20:32—this after a week of assisting in the delivery of babies. That meet was something of a reunion with Marshall Clark, whom he had not seen since before the Trials, and the coach made the most of it, planting a kiss on Macdonald's ear. "From all the old team," he said, perpetuating the endemic Stanford wackiness. Then, in the

Sunkist Indoor meet's two-mile in Los Angeles three weeks ago, he easily hand-dipped Craig Virgin, Geis and Shorter.

A child of the islands, Macdonald has seldom considered leaving. To learn something of his feeling for the Hawaiian environment, one simply need tag along with him and Darby and their three white pot (mongrel) dogs as they hike a trail through a section of the lush Koolau Range, the spine of Oahu. On this bright day the northwesterly trade winds are driving chunky grey-bottom clouds over the cliffs. The trail curls through moist ravines covered with ginger and maidenhair fern. Thick-barked eucalypts give off a sinus-opening fragrance. Duncan walks quietly for a while, finally pronouncing "This is Hawaii" over a place where guavas cover the trail with a pink, aromatic mush. Walking over the goo sends up clouds of fruit flies.

Darby, too, is a medical student, now some months ahead of Duncan because of his Olympic dawdling. Though Darby had gone to Punahou School in Honolulu, they met in medical school. "It was alphabetical," says Duncan, "but a fellow named Ed Mandac was under some sort of cloud and wasn't permitted to sit between Macdonald and Meyer. That's all it took."

Macdonald's mainland friends will try to make a case for his being secretive by saying he concealed his marriage for a year and a half. "Not really fair," he says. "I just don't write many letters." Because Darby kept her last name, it was a year before most of their class knew. "It's not the sort of thing you lead off a conversation with," she says, unconvincedly. "Duncan doesn't, anyway."

Macdonald points to a snaky-trunked, palmlike plant, "ferie," he says. "It's sacred." Behind his hip he unsuccessfully conceals the book from which he has gained this tidbit. A few yards beyond where a sign announces Puaia Flats, the trail suddenly plunges down a rocky precipice to a clearing among large, shaggy paperbark trees. Macdonald, without recourse to his book, relates how this area has been denuded twice in the last 150 years, once by sandalwood hunters, then by foresters logging koa. He ends with the startling assertion that "eucalyptus is technically a grass." Darby howls in disbelief. The book is mute and they press on past a huge stand of bamboo, dark green vertical shafts clacking in the wind. They discuss their plans for the coming

months, which include preceptorships in doctors' offices on the island of Hawaii, then stints in a hospital emergency room. "Pulling oyster forks from people's tongues," says Duncan.

In May, Macdonald will be free to race one last summer before the demands of internship press. Because the men ahead of him on last year's list of best 5,000 times are either Europeans or New Zealanders who will be racing in Europe, his training is directed toward a tour of the fast Scandinavian tracks. He admits to an uncommon eagerness. "I love to travel anyway, and it's hard not to be obsessed in a situation where it really looks like you can do something. There is a trap there, the same as when you've been injured and you're trying to make up for lost time. You overdo it and kill yourself."

Might a successful season for Macdonald raise the temptation to postpone his internship and keep running? "I'm afraid to put it off for fear I'll never get around to it," he says. "Which would be relatively disastrous for the rest of my life." Thus, by the summer of '78 he likely will be learning a medical specialty "and running just to preserve my sanity."

The walk has nearly completed a loop of some five miles. The final 100 yards of trail back to the road crosses private land. A terraced hillside rises to a rather sumptuous home, and down this slope races a snarling dog. Darby hustles the Macdonald dogs away, while Duncan stands calmly to deflect this attack. The watchdog shoots across a graveled walk and leaps, its head seeming to bounce from Macdonald's leg as if it has struck wood. It retreats, and so does Duncan, bowing. Walking away, it is clear that Macdonald has been bitten. He pulls up his pant leg to reveal a bloody tear in his shin.

Observing his response, one thinks of other runners' reactions to such an event. Frank Shorter—frightened of all dogs save his own—would have figured a way to put anyone, even Darby, between himself and that animal. Prefontaine—who ran from nothing—might have been bitten, but would have surely bitten back.

Macdonald? He turns from examining his lacerated limb and considers. "I wasn't even moving," he says finally in a puzzled tone. "I find that rather rude."

As he proceeds down the path, it seems that American three-mile tradition has passed to capable, polite hands. **END**

Winning is the order of the day

*A salute to VMI, not long ago 1-25,
but now marching toward a 25-1 record*



Ron Carter leads the Keydet scoring parade

An alumnus of VMI who had not been heard from in years telephoned the athletic office in Lexington, Va. the other day and, given the perennial shortcomings of the school's basketball team, made what sounded like a ridiculously presumptuous request.

"Do you think I'll be able to get tickets to our first-round game in the NCAA tournament?" he asked.

Hey, buddy, this is Virginia Military Institute you're talking about. Surely you haven't forgotten the Old Barracks that look as homey as Leavenworth, that 6:45 a.m. wakeup call, standing your bed against the wall from reveille until after supper, the freshman Rat Line, hazing, demerits, marching and all those other endearing customs that may explain why the basketball team was 1-25 as recently as 1971? So what if the guys in the '50s harruets got a few lucky breaks last season and came astonishingly close to reaching the Final Four. What do you expect for an encore—a 25-1 reversal and another trip to the NCAAs?

Well, why not? That is exactly what is likely to happen in Lexington. Counting last week's victories over Furman (99-86) and Hampden-Sydney (94-78), the Keydets (Southern drawl for "cadets") are 18-1 and have won 17 straight since Virginia beat them 55-50 in the second game of the season. Barring unforeseen disasters, they should win the rest of their games to finish the regular season 25-1, then sweep through the Southern Conference tournament in nearby Roanoke. In that event, Coach Charlie Schmaus' team would meet the winner of the Eastern Collegiate Basketball League, which might mean a rematch with Rutgers. And that would be interesting because the Scarlet Knights had a bit of trouble with two VMI players before stopping the Keydets 91-75 in the finals of the 1976 Eastern Regional in Greensboro, N.C.

Those two players, Forwards Ron Carter and Will Bynum, are both 6' 5" and extremely skinny and will wind up one-two in career scoring before they leave VMI. There all similarities between the teammates end.

Bynum, a senior, is a long-necked goose from Sumter, S.C., with sloping shoulders and soft blond hair that is cut so short his ears seem to stick out. "Yeah, somebody wrote that I looked like I

stepped right off Huck Finn's raft," says Bynum with a mixture of humor and disgust. "Well, sir, I've got news for you. I came to VMI because I was a basketball player, not because I had an uncontrollable urge to carry a rifle around all day." A civil engineering major with a 3.9 grade average last semester, Bynum totaled 42 points in the 1976 NCAA tournament upsets of Tennessee and DePaul, then had 34 in the loss to Rutgers.

The Keydets might have stopped the Scarlet Knights' 30-game winning streak that night if Carter, who shot 22 for 37 in the tournament, hadn't acquired four fouls in the first half. VMI was still in the thick of the contest at the time and Bynum wasn't even warmed up. From the playgrounds of Pittsburgh, Carter remembers: "The guys back home said I was wasting my time going to a place like VMI—not that they had ever heard of it. But I was a sad case coming out of high school. I couldn't do anything. Take that back, I was an expert at double dribbling and at stepping without dribbling."

While Bynum operates mainly outside, Carter works the creases, driving to the hoop through dangerously narrow gaps and improvising en route. At one point against Hampden-Sydney he started his takeoff near the foul line with the idea of soaring in for a slam dunk. Suddenly confronted by a defender intent upon drawing an offensive foul, Carter altered his thrust at the last instant, brought the ball well below his waist to avoid a flailing arm and swished what looked like a 15-foot layup. He was also fouled and made the free throw.

Carter is averaging 21.3 points per game and shooting .547. Bynum's numbers are 17.7 and .575, and the other three VMI starters are also legitimate talents. At 6' 7" and 214 pounds, Center Dave Montgomery is no makeshift pivotman. He led the Southern Conference in shooting percentage last year (.649), and his .632 mark is currently among the 10 best in the nation. He came to VMI because his Baltimore high school was on strike most of his senior year and recruiters forgot about him. "Dave is about the biggest player I can remember here," says Schmaus, "but there are no height restrictions at VMI. We'd put two beds together if we had to."

Guard John Krovic is known as Legend around the post because of his long-

continued

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range bombs. Point Guard Kelly Lombard is one of the few inconsistent marksmen on a team that shoots .538. But Lombard makes up for this with the kind of red-faced hustle that produced 10 assists and no turnovers against Furman. He runs the Keydets' fast break, and with help from the pep band, which plays the William Tell overture at top volume during games, it is devastating.

Obviously, all this talk about winning huck-to-back conference crowns and a scarcity of NCAA tickets represents quite an achievement for a school of 1,200 cadets that had to beat The Citadel on overtime to gain that single victory in 1971. Those Keydets played so poorly that the coaching staff put together the Funny Film, so called because it contained classic game footage of VMI missing open layups, lacking the ball out of bounds and bumping heads on defense. The producer of this epic and, ironically, the man who eventually mismanaged last year's 22-10 comeback—the Keydets' first winning season since 1941—was Bill Blair who claims to have been "the worst cadet in VMI history." When Blair left VMI after last year's heroics to become head coach at Colorado, his assistant, Schmaus, stepped in.

"I recruited all these guys you see here," says Schmaus, whose VMI career scoring record was broken by Bynum and Krovic on the same night earlier in the season. Schmaus' rebound mark will soon belong to Montgomery, a junior, and the coach will eventually rank fourth in scoring when Carter, another junior, takes over the lead. "But VMI isn't the easiest place to sell," Schmaus says. "I remember thinking that if I had known all the harsh realities of life when I visited, I probably would not have come. Yet my philosophy has not been to recruit military types who are good basketball players. They don't exist. We try to attract good athletes who can accept the military way of life. Maybe we don't tell recruits the whole truth all at once, but we don't lie, either. I found that if you can get through your first year without cracking under the pressure, you can really enjoy yourself here."

Bynum, a private first class who has made no attempts to gain a higher rank, concedes that athletes have an easier time than non-athletes at VMI. "We don't have to march to dinner or supper during the season," he says. "We

can sleep in on game day if we don't have a class and, of course, we get to leave the post a lot for games, which is a relief. But the corps accepts this a lot better now that they've started getting something out of it. When we beat DePaul last year to make it to the finals of the regionals, classes were called off on Friday and Saturday, even confinements were canceled."

Carter, on the other hand, is a master sergeant who wants to become an Air Force pilot. He was in charge of making sure that dress uniforms were cleaned and pressed in preparation for the presidential inaugural parade in which a corps of VMI cadets marched. Carter would have taken part himself if he hadn't been busy scoring 20 points and pulling down 10 rebounds in an 88-79 Keydet victory at the University of Richmond that evening.

"I like VMI," he says. "I get a little tired of fans on the road yelling 'Hup, two, three, four' at us like we're a bunch of soldiers. But it's O.K. We're always killing their team at the time."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST "Having a good time is what the game's all about," says Wake Forest Forward Rod Griffin, who was not enjoying himself early in the season. Now he is bubbling over, and he credits Frank Johnson, a freshman guard, for the change. "Frank wakes up with a smile," Griffin says. "He is always smiling on the court, and now I'm doing it, too. It seems to make the whole team looser and more confident." Cheering the Deacons even further—and solidifying their Atlantic Coast Conference lead—were their sixth and seventh straight wins, 89-80 at Duke and 80-72 at Virginia. Griffin, whose mother used to flip him alley-oop passes in the backyard, had hoped to go to North Carolina. But the Tar Heels did not recruit him. So Griffin went to Wake Forest, where he assumes his pet superstition—eating a bowl of lime sherbet the night before each game. With lime sherbet under his belt and a smile on his face, Griffin tossed in 28 points against the Blue Devils and 17 against the Cavaliers.

Helping to give the Deacons the inside track on the ACC title was a 60-59 Clemson victory over North Carolina State, in which Kenny Carr of the Wolfpack stole the light,

but to no avail. That light, a 40-watt red bulb behind the goal at the Littlejohn Coliseum, flashes on when time runs out. In the waning seconds against the Tigers, Carr got off a final shot. It went through the net. But, as Carr put it, "I saw the light. I knew it was no good." Often there is much controversy about whether such last-ditch shots beat the buzzer, but in Clemson there was no complaint thanks to the red light. In a pair of double-headers against outsiders, State beat Furman 98-96 and Georgia Tech 81-71, while North Carolina downed the Yellow Jackets 98-74 and the Paladins 88-71.

Holy Cross (18-2) won three times with a proliferation of points by its "P Shooters." Guard Ronnie Perry Jr. and Forward Chris Potter. Perry had 88 points and Potter 66 as the Crusaders beat New Hampshire 89-78, Colgate 114-82 and St. Peter's 90-88. In the process, Perry sank all 18 of his foul shots, running his streak to 40.

Columbia, off to its best Ivy start since the league was formalized 23 seasons ago, held on to first place by drubbing Dartmouth 84-61 and Harvard 92-74. That left the Lions with a 6-0 Ivy mark and a one-game edge over Princeton and Penn. The Tigers subdued Yale 56-42 and, with Frank Sosnowski netting 26 points, stopped Brown 70-52. Penn barely got past the same teams. Tim Smith scored 11 points in overtime as the Quakers downed the Bruins 69-59, and Penn needed two extra periods to hold off the Bulldogs 77-74.

There were lots of other squeakers, topped off by Pittsburgh's 65-64 shocker over Cincinnati. Larry Harris of the Panthers poked up the list of his 31 points on a 22-foot shot at the final buzzer. That offset the efforts of Bob Miller of the Bearcats, who had 24 points, including seven dunks, and 13 rebounds. After defeating St. Bonaventure 82-75, Providence labored past Rhode Island 67-66. Nevada-Las Vegas outgunned Rutgers 89-88 when Robert Smith canned a 22-foot jumper with 10 seconds left.

St. John's (15-5) jolted Georgetown 82-66 and felled Niagara 72-66. Army (16-4) got 28 points from Matt Brown to dump Seton Hall 76-73. The Cadets have already assured themselves of their first winning season since 1969-70. A sign of the times: The Army women's team beat Trenton State 55-53.

1. WAKE FOREST (10-2)

2. PROV. (16-3) 3. N. CAROLINA (16-4)

MIDEAST After playing at Auburn for the last time, Tennessee senior Ernie Grunfeld summed up his four trips to Auburn. "Two wins, two losses and a bunch of firecrackers some students threw at our rooms last year. We chased them. They ran. The funny thing was, they got to their car and it wouldn't start." Stalled, too, were the Tigers, who lost 83-83 as Grunfeld had

19 points and Bernard Krag contributed 24. The Volunteers also whipped Georgia 106-82 to retain their Southeastern conference lead.

A new light was cast upon Kentucky, which dealt Vanderbilt its worst setback in 30 years, 113-73. In previous games at Rupp Arena the Wildcats had not shot well. But this time they were 54.9% marksmen, perhaps because the lights were softened in the outer reaches of the huge arena. Mike Phillips, Jack Greens and Rick Robey teamed up for 63 Wildcat points. Kentucky also beat Mississippi State 93-85. Alabama drubbed Vanderbilt 98-82, but had to go into overtime to defeat LSU 77-70. T. R. Odom scored eight points in the extra period to ignite the Tide.

Northern Illinois, Western Michigan and Miami of Ohio were tied for first in the Mid-American race. The Huskies beat Ball State 83-77, the Broncos ripped Eastern Michigan 56-53 and the Redkiss split, outlasting Northern 99-91 in two overtimes and dropping a 72-68 decision to Toledo.

Conjuring up visions of Newbury (S.C.) College, one might suspect the team is in a league with Woodworth and Kresge. But even though the Indians travel aboard a bus rented from the local Boy Scouts and even though they seldom practice more than 45 minutes a day, they are clearly no five-and-dime squad. What they are is No. 1 in the NAIA rankings. And undefeated. By beating Presbyterian 83-77 and Lander 62-50, Newbury brought its record to 24-0.

Leading the Indians is Coach Nield Gordon, who has more transfers than a cross-town bus driver. Scott Connor, a 6'10" center who is a 63% shooter and averages 17.7 points and 15.2 rebounds, started for Clemson. Other transplants are Guards Bobby Edwards (12.5 points), who attended South Carolina, and Joe Chapman (10.2), late of Southeastern JC. Former Seminole JC Guard Dave Hampton came to Newbury to play a girl friend, stopped by the gym, got a tryout and is now the team's best defensive guard. From Anderson JC came the Cremer twins, 6'9" Romeo and 6'10" Don, who have a combined 15.4 scoring average. The only upperclassman who is not a transfer student is Forward Bobby Griffin of nearby Whitman, S.C., who leads the club with an 18.4 scoring average.

Gordon, who teamed with Frank Selvy at Furman to form the highest-scoring duo in the country in 1952-53, is in his 14th year at Newbury. Last season his Indians were 30-5 and got to the NAIA quarterfinals. Although he had to replace three starters, Gordon came up with more transfers and has kept on winning. He insists he has no ambitions to move to the big-college ranks, no desire to give up bus rides for jet flights or to replace "fun" practices with grueling sessions. Applauding his decision not to become a transfer himself are Newbury fans, who pack 1,200-seat McLean Gym for home games.

Another small-college coach having a high old time is Gene (Torchy) Clark of Florida Tech. His star player for several years was his son Mike, who set a Tech one-game scoring record of 43 points. Now that Mike has graduated, another of Torchy's sons, Bo, has caught fire. Bo had 51 points against Eckerd College and set an NCAA single-game high for this season with 70 in a 135-83 romp over Florida Memorial. Clark got his 70 by hitting on 33 of 47 field-goal tries and on all four of his free throws. Said Memorial Coach A. C. Robinson, "Maybe if we'd broke his arm, maybe if we'd broke both his arms, he wouldn't have scored but 50."

1. TENNESSEE (16-3)

2. KENTUCKY (16-2) 3. MICHIGAN (17-2)

MIDWEST "What kind of strategy could you possibly discuss when you're six points ahead and there's two seconds left?" asked Memphis State Coach Wayne Yates after an 88-82 loss at Cincinnati. "I called the time-out because he'd been a jackass," was the blunt retort from Bearcat Coach Gale Catlett. "He was up and down all night hollering at the officials." Another Metro Conference loss for State was less galling, first-place Louisville romping 111-92.

"I'd get a hernia if I shot from that far out," said Bradley Coach Joe Stowell, a 107-106 loss to Nevada-Las Vegas and its long-range bombers. Shooting from closer in, Bradley's Roger Phegley led all scorers with 46 points. For the Rebels, who had played just four away games all season, it was the start of a road trip that exposed their weaknesses. "They don't play defense," said Billy Lewis of Illinois State two nights later, after his 21 points helped end the Rebels' 14-game victory string 88-84. Indeed, Vegas' press was so ineffective that Coach Jerry Tarkenton abandoned it for the first time in two years. Illinois State then lost to Indiana State 100-84 as Larry Bird flicked in 40 points. For the Sycamores it was sweet revenge. A week earlier, on the day they had moved into the top 20 of a major poll for the first time since 1971, the Redbirds had beaten them 70-64.

"I would've loved to have finished with five players on the floor," said Houston Coach Guy Lewis, following an 82-80 loss to Arkansas. After Ous Birdsong, the top Cougar scorer with 22 points, had fouled out with 15 seconds to go, the Razorbacks converted one of their free throws and time ran out while Lewis was still looking for a substitute. Arkansas' Three Basketeers—Sidney Moncrief, Marvin Delph and Ron Brewer—combined for 61 points as the Razorbacks took a 3½-game lead over Houston in the Southwest Conference.

For Oklahoma's Al Beal, a 6'10" freshman, the first five minutes against Missouri were a nightmare; he committed three turn-

overs and had an easy layup blocked. From there on, however, Beal played like a dream, blocking two shots, pulling down a game-high 11 rebounds and scoring nine points. Moreover, he sank the clinching basket with 13 seconds left as the Sooners won 66-63 and tied the Tigers for the Big Eight lead. Three days later, Missouri was alone at the top, punting Oklahoma State 97-75 behind Ken Anderson's 35 points while Oklahoma lost to Kansas 91-81.

Wichita State moved into a tie for first in the Valley Conference, downing Drake 75-65 and slipping past Southern Illinois 91-90 in double overtime. Co-leader West Texas State beat Drake 90-87.

Once-beaten Detroit stretched its winning streak to 17 games, stopping Eastern Michigan 87-82 and Xavier of Ohio 85-76. Another high-scoring independent, North Texas State, improved its record to 16-3 by poling off Samford 90-72. Houston Baptist 96-80 and Lamar 99-90.

1. LOUISVILLE (17-2)

2. ARKANSAS (19-1) 3. CINCINNATI (16-3)

WEST "The shock of that blitz crumpled us," said Washington Coach Mary Harshman after a 75-65 loss at UCLA. Leading 61-59, the Bruins went to their zone press and scored eight points in 29 seconds, turning three consecutive steals into baskets. UCLA then strengthened its Pac-8 lead by knocking off Washington State 72-59. "We like our zone press," said Coach Gene Barrow, whose Bruins began the week with a 103-89 win over Tennessee in Atlanta's Omni, site of the NCAA finals.

San Francisco survived assorted vicissitudes to defeat St. Mary's 103-77 and Nevada Reno 98-81. With playmaker Chubby Cox out with a sprained ankle and with Bill Cartwright drawing three early fouls, the Dons were vulnerable against Reno. But Marlon Redmond, who mysteriously left the team for two days in midweek, pumped in 28 points and Winford Boyes added 22 to keep the Dons unbeaten.

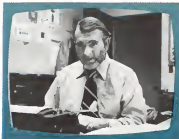
By shutting off BYU's inside power and limiting its three big men to 12 points, Utah rolled to an 81-61 win. Ute Guard Jeff Jones put on a floor show: four steals, nine rebounds, 10 points and 16 assists. Utah thus stayed a game ahead of Arizona and New Mexico in the Western AC. Bob Elliott had 28 points as Arizona topped Arizona State 99-83. The Lobos earned a share of second place by beating Colorado State 73-64 and Wyoming 93-78.

Stan Mayhew tossed in 31 points as Weber State ended Idaho State's 12-game winning streak 80-73 to tie the Bengals for first place in the Big Sky Conference.

1. SAN FRANCISCO (23-0)

2. UCLA (17-2) 3. ARIZONA (18-3)

THIS PROGRAM IS A REAL EYE-OPENER



GANDELF: "COMBINATION OF RED SMITH AND LORD BYRON"

When Ray Gandeloff leaves for work it is dark. A taxi, unimpeded by traffic, whisks him down 40 blocks on Manhattan's West Side, coming to a halt outside the low, red brick building that houses CBS' New York studios. The security guards duly note Gandeloff's arrival and watch him disappear through twisting corridors to Room 1E-32-E. Seven phones, four desks, three clicking wire-service machines and seven typewriters await him and the other four staffers who write the CBS Morning News. It is 2:30 a.m. when Gandeloff begins sorting through piles of scores and wires of sports events that ended while he was asleep. In five hours Gandeloff will distill this material into the only nationally televised daily sports report. Then he will go on camera to read his five-minute script.

Gandeloff, 46, began his double-faced job of writing and broadcasting in May 1974, when Morning News anchorman Hughes Rudd abruptly refused to read the sports report. Gandeloff, who had written for the show for 11 years, specializing in sports for the last two, stepped into the breach.

"I find sports no more exciting than the Panic Wars," says Rudd. "If the teleprompter breaks, as it frequently does, and I'm reporting on Jimmy Carter, I can wing it. With sports I am completely lost." (Not as completely as his former colleague, Sally Quinn, who once read a baseball score as "Cuba 3, Mets 2.") Following a 13-week, on-air trial,

affiliates to write documentaries.

"With his acting background, I knew being on camera would present no problem for Ray," says Rudd. "And he was already the best sportswriter in television."

"I came cheap." is how Gandeloff explains his sudden appearance on TV screens across America.

Whatever, every weekday morning at 7:25 Eastern time the bearded, bushy-browed Gandeloff reports sports to an audience of millions. Unlike local sportscasters, who assume their viewers are most interested in the local teams, Gandeloff, whose audience includes fans of every team, must be non-partisan. To that end, he has developed a relaxed, even-handed style that one critic has described as a "combination of Red Smith and Lord Byron."

CBS correspondent Charles Osgood says, "Gandeloff has a novel way of presenting the scores, saying them in a witty way that gives people something to laugh about early in the morning." On Monday mornings in the fall, Osgood contributes a share of whimsy himself by composing poetry to accompany the weekend football clips. He also substitutes when Gandeloff is on vacation. That's the only time Gandeloff needs a stand-in, because he never leaves New York on an assignment.

"I hate traveling and treasure my distance from sporting events," he says. "It allows me to say whatever I want. I try very hard to be a fan, not an expert, and I consider myself a

writer about sports, not somebody covering an event." In his stead, Associate Producer Ed Freedman tours the country, tracking down stories and assigning affiliates to film players, game action and such sports-related subjects as betting for the 15-minute sports feature that appears each morning.

By the time Freedman arrives at CBS, Gandeloff has already finished work and gone home. They communicate by note or phone to decide on stories, some of which range far afield from big-league sports. Three years ago the Morning News reported on Silk Stockings' first harness race at Brandywine and, in the process, told the story of her owner, the Au Clair School for autistic children in Bear, Del. Since then the pacer has earned more than \$500,000 for the school. On another occasion, Gandeloff did a report on Cleveland semipro football underneath the lights—car headlamps.

At Gandeloff's home the only reports are about his naps. "Is Poppy up? Is Poppy sleeping?" are his children's two favorite questions. If it's between noon and 6 p.m. or 10 p.m. and 2 a.m., Poppy is likely to be sleeping. "The only rule in our house is that everyone must be free for dinner at seven," says Blanche, who claims the family is so accustomed to her husband's hours that no one bothers to tiptoe past his door anymore.

One recent afternoon, while he was asleep, the kids were upstairs playing a guessing game with friends who live in an identical apartment. The object was to name something common to both apartments. The clue Gandeloff's children gave was "Yours works, ours doesn't." (The answer: the safe.) The neighbors' response: "Father."

"The next day we took those kids to the studio to convince them Ray really does have a job," says Blanche.

And it's one Gandeloff enjoys. "I've been working overnight all my life," he says. "I don't know any working hours except these." By the time Gandeloff has appeared on more than 120 stations across the country, the sun has risen in New York. Commuters stream past the morning shift of security guards. During his cab ride home, Gandeloff is certain to get snarled in traffic. His work is over, but because of him, those whose day is just beginning already know the scores. **ENO**

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'What's that coming out of your shirt?' 'Oh, it's just Jo-Jo'

Who is only one of the hermit crabs Glen Spence wears on his head and takes into bars for beer while campaigning to make Florida's Keys safe for the critters

Consider the poor hermit crab. He scuttles along in his secondhand shell, an amusing little fellow, but his life isn't always a bed of seaweed. He is loved enough—by raccoons and fish for eating, by motorists for crunching and by owners of pet farms, who pay kids a nickel apiece for hermit crabs and sell them for \$3. But almost no one loves the hermit enough to let him be himself, especially in the Florida Keys, where he is pampered, painted and finally prodded into a weird new sport—crab racing.

For nearly a year now, the crab-racing capital of the world has been the Sandpiper, a bar and poolroom on Cudjoe Key, 130 miles south of Miami on Route 1. There was no previous capital. The crabs are status symbols at the Sandpiper. Their shells are sanded paper-thin for maximum speed and lacquered with Day-Glo reds and oranges or in pearlescent hues. Some are walked along the bar top on fine gold chains. Most are placed in a clear plastic bowl to await race time. There they try to climb the steep, smooth sides and end up frantically tumbling over each other.

Once the races begin, the crabs' young owners, like Romans at the Forum, fall into a state of excitation, calling to their crabs, "Go, Pervert," or "Come on, Swifty," or "Eat 'em alive, Fred."

One recent night a 58-year-old man named Glen Spence sat morosely amid the merriment, staring at his two crabs in the bowl. Finally he announced, "I want to withdraw my crabs from the

race." He gently lifted Becky and Long John Joe from the bowl, tucked them tenderly inside his shirt and said to no one in particular, "That's torture. Don't they understand the mental anguish those crabs are going through?" But crab racers are not spiritual types. No one paid Spence any mind, and as the racing began in the lot outside, he stood alone, head down, beside the dark road. Spence and a friend had driven the 10 miles down from Little Torch Key, where he lives on his boat. Now, at 12:15 a.m., he was anxious to leave. He said it was the latest he could ever remember having stayed up, and he expressed the fear that "all crab racing can do is relieve the Keys of their remaining crabs."

Spence is a scuba diver, a sailor and the Albert Schweitzer of hermit-crab fanciers. He spends the warm months in Woodbury, N.J. and the rest of the year in the Keys, where in 1955 he began his one-man hermit-crab-appreciation-and-conservation campaign. The Keys were all but carpeted with hermits then, and campers frequently threw them in their fires, "glorifying in their agony," as Spence puts it. "The crabs would come out at night and crawl all over us, and that's when I got to liking them," he says. "By golly, I thought, 'they're all right.' I took some home and played with them. I carried them around in my pockets, and soon they didn't run away. Like deer, crabs are afraid of movement, but I learned to move softly, like a limb in the breeze."

One day a year or two later, Spence was driving in northern Minnesota, toward a cabin he owned on Posado Lake, when a cop, checking out-of-state plates, signaled him to the shoulder. When the policeman walked over, Spence had crabs sitting upon his hands and arms, and a huge one as big as a softball perched on his head. The cop asked why they were there, and Spence said, "To teach them not to be afraid. To study how they act in strange habitats." The cop stared at Spence, who told him all about the crabs, how they ate little pieces of meat from restaurants along the way, and loved honey, Granola and coleslaw, and, Spence recalls, "He forgot to ask for my license."

Spence began to take his crabs everywhere. He took them to Key West, where he found people racing them in bars, but the competition wasn't organized. In New Jersey he built a playground for them in his cellar. The playground was equipped with slides—some crabs, says Spence, go down forward, some backward—a tightrope walk and a flagpole upon which one crab sat for a week before coming down. On cold nights they slept with him. They would hide under his pillows or snuggle up to his body. Sometimes on very cold mornings they would tug at his pajamas, he says, and he would turn up the thermostat. Once he brought some mangrove crabs North—he likes all kinds of crabs—but he returned them to Florida. "They were sad," he says. "I could see it in their eyes. They looked like they were crying."

The late '50s and early '60s were still the golden days in the Florida Keys. The shallow bight off Little Torch Key, where Spence lived on his boat, swarmed with grouper, snapper and lobsters. There were sea fans and all sorts of sponges. But the building boom had begun—motel, yacht basins, houses—and each one had to have its canal. Silt from dredging appeared in the bight, and Spence began to feel uneasy. But despite sadistic campers and bait and souvenir hunters, there were still lots of hermit crabs.

About that time Spence found Herman, the second-smartest hermit crab he has ever known. "He fell in love with me. I was Herman's pet, he wasn't mine," Spence says. One night he lay down on the couch with Herman on his chest and

continued

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fell asleep. "When I woke up his antennae were tickling my nose, my mouth and my eyes, trying to figure me out," he says. "You'd be surprised at how many crabs, after talking to Herman, came right over to me."

One day Spence took Herman into a local bar, where he met an old drunk named Ralph. He sat Herman on the bar and said, "Hello, Ralph, shake hands with Herman." Ralph grabbed a claw and shook it. "Herman looked at us," Spence recalls, "and then he started drinking beer from a puddle on the bar, dipping his claw and putting it to his mouth. He drank 38 drips without stopping. He was the first crab on earth to ever drink beer in a bar." (The smartest crab Spence ever knew was called The Original Fat Charlie. Spence is reluctant to talk about him, but when pressed relates that he was the only crab able to escape from his quarters, "but the 'coons got him.")

In the last decade Spence has brought

his hermits into many bars, and these are the three most frequently heard results.

1) "What's that coming out of your shirt?"

"Oh, that's Jo-Jo."

2) "Oh, my God, what's that guy got crawling all over him, spiders?"

3) "You know something, Glen? You're gonna fall in love someday, and you'll forget all about those crabs."

But Spence's passions are unquenchable. His life is a one-man mission of res-

grouping, lobsters, sea fans and sponges are virtually gone. Only jellyfish—and silt—remain.

On the night he refused to participate in the crab races, all this weighed heavily on Spence's mind. A spotlight illuminated the racecourse, a plywood floor on which an eight-foot circle was painted. For each of 10 heats and two finals, the bowl of frantic crabs—they call it the Crab-o-dome—was inverted in the center of the floor; at a signal it was



While most hermit crabs reside in used shells, Spence has a high home on the dome of their benefactor, who hates to see a grown crab cry.



cue and warning. He lives on a 36-foot trimaran, *Coral Trail*, that he started building in 1964 and will probably never stop adding finishing touches to. To make a living he takes out occasional charters, and in New Jersey he paints houses part time. He has never earned more than \$5,000 in a year. When in Florida he spends part of most days exploring the wild mangrove shores of Big Pine Key and the many islets offshore. When he finds a hermit crab or two, he brings them to some remote backwater, where he hopes they will reproduce without anyone disturbing them. But what he usually encounters today is silt covering all, with no sign of hermit crabs.

Recently Spence found three small hermits on a mangrove islet in the Newfound Harbor Keys. "When I first came here these roots were covered with crabs," he said, "but the silt killed all the foliage they ate. Now there's only bugs."

Yes, everybody loves the hermit crab, but almost no one loves him enough to let him be himself. And the same is true of the Keys themselves. That is what Spence has always been afraid of. In the bight off Little Torch Key, the snappers,

lifted. The first crab to reach the edge of the circle in each heat was withdrawn to compete in the finals. On this night there were 32 crabs, with shells from one to 3½ inches in length, and the big winner, for the fifth straight night of racing, was Alpha, a medium-sized crab with a fluorescent orange shell. Someone yelled, "He feeds that crab amphetamines." But Alpha's owner, John Mellor of the Big Coppitt Crab Owners Association, replied, "I'd love to tell you how I train him, but I can't have it become public knowledge."

The tide back from the crab races was quiet after Spence said, "They have no feeling for the crabs. Just think how people would feel if giants grabbed them. They'd be in terror." At the manna, before he left his friend, Spence said, "The crabs are just the beginning of the end. Every man wants his place in the sun, and no one can stop him. How can you let one man build and not another? But they scream if I spear a fish for dinner. Then they go home to their houses on those dredged-out canals, with the silt destroying everything. But what can you do? People can't live in trees."

END

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If I had a Hammer, I'd...

hammer in the evening, or so L.A. owner Jack Kent Cooke thought when he acquired Dave (Hammer) Schultz. But Schultz wants to make like a real player

Gone are the fanatical kids who wore World War II German Army helmets and proudly called themselves Schultz' Army. Gone are the days when his appearance on the ice enraged road crowds. Gone are the fears of imminent court appearances and investigations by DAs and legal bills. And gone, long gone, is his name from the list of the NHL's leading badmen. "Here I am in California now," says Dave Schultz, "trying to prove that I can play hockey."

Having had just seven goals and eight assists in 50 games for the Los Angeles Kings, Schultz, it would seem, has proved he cannot play hockey and would be better off becoming the Hammer again. But L.A. Coach Bob Pulford is of another mind. "I think Schultz will be a player," he says, "and I couldn't have said that when he joined us in October. At that time I thought of him the way I had always thought of him when he was a Philadelphia Flyer. As, well, kind of a jerk. But it turns out he's a fine, sincere person who works as hard as anyone we have. Now that he has learned what we want him to do, he has been playing well. I think Dave Schultz may prove that he can play hockey—not just fight."

For four years Schultz' hammering fists were the symbol of Philadelphia's brawling rise from mediocrity to two successive Stanley Cup championships. Then last summer the NHL reacted to outside pressure and passed a number of anti-violence rules designed to curb the broadside attacks of players such as Schultz. So the Flyers decided to switch rather than fight and traded Schultz to the Kings. "We wanted to play five-on-five for a couple of periods a game," says Marcel Pelletier, Philadelphia's director of player personnel.

Schultz scoffs at such talk. "I never left the Flyers shorthanded too often," he says. "They just decided to change

their image. They dumped me, and a couple of weeks ago they dumped Jack McIlhargey. At first I was upset, sure, but it was the best thing that could have happened to me. I'm getting a chance to prove something here in Los Angeles, and I never would have got the chance with the Flyers."

While Schultz has received more publicity than any King except his roommate Marcel Dionne, who is battling Montreal's Guy Lafleur for the NHL scoring title, almost all of his ink has been devoted to tales of a soft-spoken, friendly, misunderstood guy who once lived at a Mennonite Bible camp, who likes to build models and who is a walking Big Brother. In fact, until last week's battle royal against Washington when he picked up two fighting penalties, Schultz had been involved in only one real brawl.

Not coincidentally, that occurred the first time he came to Philadelphia with the Kings. In all, Schultz, Pulford and four other players were ejected from the game after a first-period melee. "I was too keyed up," Schultz says. Since then he has received only one game misconduct penalty—and he earned that for being the third man, not the first, into a fight.

One night in New York, Schultz stunned the crowd by refusing to let the Rangers' Greg Polis goad him into battle. He put his arms by his sides, passively absorbed Polis' punches, then watched the Ranger go to the penalty box by himself for five minutes, during which time the Kings scored the game-winning goal.

At his present rate, the reformed Schultz will spend some 250 minutes in penalty boxes this season. While that will not qualify him for the Lady Byng trophy as the NHL's most gentlemanly player, it will be hours less than his record 472 minutes in 1974-75 as well as his career average of 347 minutes per season. And so far Schultz has been involved in



The penalty box no longer is Schultz' meeting address but he occasionally makes a social call

only 12 fights; one year in Philadelphia he had 26.

"I really haven't changed that much," Schultz insists. "The difference is partly the new rules, but the biggest thing is that the Flyers always hit and the Kings don't ever hit. I did some crazy things in Philadelphia. I can't believe some of the things I did. I'm not saying what I did was right, but I wouldn't do it any differently if I had to do it all over again."

"As far as influencing little kids, what I did probably wasn't right. But it would have been impossible for me to make it as young as I did (he was 23 when he joined the Flyers) without fighting the way I did. It would have been nice, sure, if I had the talent to go out there and score 30 goals, period. But I didn't have that talent. And the image thing never

continued



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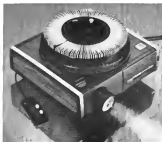
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HOCKEY continued

hurt me. It made me a lot of money on and off the ice."

Schultz, who commands a \$75,000 annual salary, is an occasional policeman for the Kings, but he also takes a regular turn at left wing on a line with Vic Wenasky and Don Kozak. "I'm 27 now and midway through my career," Schultz says, "so getting the chance to play full time is very important to me. In Philadelphia, I'd make a mistake and that would be it. I never played that regularly." And those 1,386 minutes he spent in penalty boxes didn't provide Schultz with very much skating room.

Nevertheless, it hardly looks as though Schultz will someday be a goal scorer like Dionne. "I know I'm not going to score 25 or 30 goals each year," he says. "I did score 20 goals for the Flyers in 1973-74, and I proved something then. But hockey games are won in the corners. Look at the Islanders, the Flyers and the Bruins. All their forwards go into the corners and hit. That's what I can do, like Bob Nystrom of the Islanders does or Terry O'Reilly of the Bruins. They've become good players because they've worked hard."

When Schultz arrived in L.A., Pulford placed him on a line with Dionne, obviously hoping Schultz would both protect the little right wing and get the puck to him from the corners. But that never worked out, and Pulford quickly separated them. "I came here so late," Schultz says, "that I never knew what they expected me to do. How much did they want me to fight, for instance? Now I'm starting to get the feel of things."

While Schultz now fits well with the Kings, Pulford was not ecstatic when owner Jack Kent Cooke acquired the Hammer in an attempt to boost sagging ticket sales. "No comment, he's on the team, that's all I know," Pulford said at the time.

Cooke, who has established residence in Las Vegas, has not seen his team play all season, but, to Pulford's displeasure, he phones in daily orders. This modus operandi has prompted rumors that Pulford will be coaching elsewhere next season—probably in Chicago or Toronto. Schultz, though, never wants to leave California. "People don't recognize me out here," he says, "but I had enough of that in Philadelphia. I'll take the weather of California and the chance to prove that Dave Schultz is really a hockey player, any day."

END

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There was a time, call it the Peggy Fleming era, when folks were a bit wary about calling figure skating a sport, what with all those balletic moves and gentle jumps off the ice. But no more. The new breed of skater is upon us, and many of them give the distinct impression that they have been secretly training for the high hurdles or on the trampoline. Nowhere was this more evident than at the national championships in Hartford, Conn. last weekend, where more than 100 young skaters fought it out and a few threatened to jump right out of the city's elegant new 9,100-seat Civic Center.

There was, at the top level, 16-year-old Linda Fratianne of Northridge, Calif., who won the Senior Ladies' title by doing all the old stuff as well as a couple of triple Salchows and double toe loops. And at the other extreme, the Novice Ladies' class, there were such comers as Jill Sawyer, 14, of Tacoma, Wash., who is not at all embarrassed when the spotlights reflect off the braces on her teeth and who is known as Hotdog Sawyer. A figure skater nicknamed Hotdog? That's what the sport has come to.

The meet did more than determine the new U.S. champions and, in effect, a successor to Dorothy Hamill, who has turned professional. The first three finishers in the principal classes made the U.S. team that will compete in the world championships in Tokyo next month. But, no matter how high the U.S. champs jump, they will be hard pressed to knock off the Europeans in Japan. For one thing, the Europeans also are on to the new athleticism and, for another, it is a fact of figure-skating life that world championships are passed around.

But a new U.S. style is abiding right down the line to 60-pound, 9-year-old Kelly Webster of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, who had toted her good-luck charm—a big stuffed bear—to the nationals. Hotdog Sawyer needed the bear more, having twisted her right ankle before leaving Tacoma, just as she was poised to become the first woman competitor, Novice or otherwise, to uncock a triple lutz in national competition—a jump which calls for three revolutions in mid-air. Her coach, Kathy Casey, sent Sawyer from Hartford to Boston for treatment by Dr. Tenley Albright, the 1956 Olympic gold medalist, on the theory that

Great, big wonderful whirl

That was the scene at the nationals, where the new athleticism held sway

nobody would know more about skating injuries. "Heaven help us all if the ankle is serious," said Casey, pointing out that Hotdog feels deprived if she can't jump out of her skin at least four hours a day. "I have to discipline her something fierce to get her to do her school figures," said Casey, "and a simple arm movement sometimes takes a month."

Meanwhile, in the more rarefied atmosphere surrounding the Senior Ladies, Fratianne, second in the nationals last year, was a strong favorite to take the title. But the Californian has about the same regard for the compulsory figures as Hotdog, and when that event was over, she had finished second to Barbie Smith, 18, of Denver, who beat her again in the short program.

"But don't count anybody out because of what happens in the early going," said Casey. "Short programs are confining—just required moves." She paused to watch as Sawyer's ankle was being taped by Dr. Albright, who had returned from Boston with her patient. "Fratianne is the best disciplined and conditioned," Casey said. "They all do triples nowadays, but Fratianne's are the best." Now Hotdog was ready and she skated gingerly onto the rink.

"Don't you baby that ankle," Casey warned. "Go ahead and try a double axel." Hotdog flew across the rink and leaped, whirled and landed perfectly. She grinned widely, braces shining. "That one didn't hurt at all," she said, and she was off again like a steeplechaser over the jumps.

Coach Carlo Fassi, the starmaker of the sport (Peggy Fleming and Dorothy Hamill, among others), stopped by to watch Hotdog tearing around the rink. He applauded her flying sit spin, noted the elevation of her jumps and told Casey, "She is very good. She should go on television, go to the European championships. She is ready for Senior Ladies right now." Fassi is ubiquitous, a man with clout, and he is celebrated for his ability to spot an Olympic and world champ at the first scratch of a blade on ice. And the fact that he had spotted Hotdog was not lost on Casey.

She has no illusions about the loyalty of skaters. "It goes on all the time," she said. "Sometimes a skater will be offered free lessons, or a skating club will offer to be a sponsor. Frequently, someone will offer to foot the bill if a skater will switch to a chosen coach, it's hard for up-and-coming skaters to resist such offers. It hurts a lot when it happens." Casey is well aware that Hotdog is special, but her family can't afford many of the extras that Casey would like the girl to have, more ballet training, for ex-

continued



A spin produced a win for Linda Fratianne

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FIGURE SKATING *continued*

ample. "I say to myself, 'Should I pay for her ballet? Should I teach her for nothing?'" Casey said. "And then I think, three years from now I may never see her again. Should I take a chance on that? You never know when you're going to get kicked in the teeth."

Casey thinks one reason so many people were pulling for Fratiannie was that she had stuck with her original coach, Frank Carroll, turning aside a flood of offers. "Carroll is a super coach," said Casey.

That became obvious in Saturday night's Senior Ladies' free skating event. Out came Priscilla Hill, 15, of Lexington, Mass., and, despite faltering on two triple jumps, she finished third and appeared to have made the U.S. team that will go to Tokyo. When Barbie Smith, next up, whirled into a triple Salchow and a double axel, executed with perfect control, even the most ardent Fratiannie fans began to worry. But Fratiannie quelled their fears. It suddenly was clear that Coach Carroll had studied Smith's program—skating coaches scout the opposition as faithfully as football coaches—and if Smith was going to produce one triple jump, then Fratiannie would riposte with two. And she did just that, with a score that bounced her into first place. As she took her bow, the lights all but went out.

"I knew Fratiannie had voltage," said one spectator, "but I didn't think she'd blow the fuses." All Hartford was experiencing a power failure, the announcer reported. Wendy Burge, 19, of Garden Grove, Calif., went on to skate in a dimmed arena. As if that wasn't handicap enough, she also was in fourth place, with little chance of making the U.S. team. Then, suddenly, two minutes into her performance, the audience was on its feet cheering; Burge was giving the show of her life. "I had nothing to lose," she said, "so I thought I might as well go out there and kill myself." When her four-minute program was over, Priscilla Hill had been deposed.

And so the team was set for the world meet, the men's division headed by Charles Tickner, who had won the Senior Men's on Friday night. Hotdog Sawyer won her Novice class, sure enough, but Novices don't get to go to world meets with the top folks. But in a year or two, perhaps sooner, she may be the girl to beat. The Senior Ladies had better jump to it.

END

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A Fish Story That Was All Too True

A well-toasted dream begun in a Manhattan restaurant was realized off Panama, where two anglers rode in pursuit of bounteous sailfish and wahoo and a Red Horde of cubera

by
Clive Gammon



CONTINUED



Fish Story

continued

Tom was grunting like a hahoon, his red neckerchief dark with sweat, his rod butt creaking and his reel drag making terminal noises. "Take it easy," I advised him from the shade of the canvas. "You have merely encountered one of their outlying pickets. The Horde itself will be in the lee of the reef. I want you to save yourself for the real test."

Like a boozed old duchess, curtseying to the Queen, our 24-footer teetered on top of a swell, swooped into a trough, then staggered up onto an even keel again. Tom hung on to his fish. The line snapped like a firecracker and he let go a King Kong roar of frustration, slumping onto the cushions. "But I saw them coming for me," he panted. "The Red Horde. . . I saw the Red Horde!"

"Take a grip on yourself, Tom," I told him sternly. "We can hold this boat for hours yet. I'm putting you to defend the bow. I will take the stern. Meanwhile Rafael will remain amidships, arming plugs and making up fresh leaders." We fell to laughing as Rafael, the skipper, turned the boat around to make another pass at the reef. At this stage of the trip, you see, the Red Horde was still a joke.

A joke, in fact, that had started in a restaurant in midtown Manhattan, where Tom, myself and our guest were having a serious, working lunch. The lunch was intended to acquaint Tom and me with what to expect when, a few weeks later, we would head down to Panama to fish Coiba Island on the Pacific coast. Fortified by several martinis, our guest, an old hand in those waters, confirmed what we had heard: that the fishing was remarkable for its variety; that we could expect acres of wahoo, sailfish, roosterfish, amberjack, miles of rainbow runners, truckloads of blue-water game fish. Was it correct, we asked him, that at Club Pacifico, the fishing camp we were hooked into, the emphasis was on light-tackle fishing from small, fast boats?

"Light tackle, yes," he said. Then his expression seemed to change. "Except for the cuberas, of course," he added, absently rotating his empty glass. We hastened to have it replenished. Cubera snapper I had heard of but once, from a fisherman at Key Biscayne who told me that they always got a few there in summer and that they fished them with a live lobster. ("Isn't that expensive?" I'd asked him. "Nah," he said, "first you go out and rob a lobster pot.")

"You mean that you have to use heavy bottom gear?" I asked our guest.

"No, no," he said, sipping moodily, the look in his eye that of a man who has experienced heaven and hell and found both places lacking in color after the reefs of Coiba. "You use plugs. Huge plugs." He leaned forward confidently. "The best place is down south from Coiba. Small island called Jacaron. There's a reef down there. Listen," he said, "you want to take plenty of big, heavy poppers. You want to cast 70, 80 yards, you want a big conventional reel and a heavy two-handed rod." Carried away, he slammed an invisible plug at an invisible cubera snapper lurking near the checkroom, just failing to send a steaming plate of veal parmigiana, which was being proffered him, skimming into the other diners, some of whom were beginning to look around, the nearest of them pricking up their ears at our guest's dramatic recital.

"Only remember this," he went on. "As soon as that plug hits, bring it back fast. Fast! And don't be scared of what's behind it, because what you're going to see is . . . what the ocean is going to look like is . . . all red!"

"All red," nodded Tom.

"The sea turns red," intoned our guest, fixing us with an Ancient Mariner look, "with huge cubera snappers. Hundreds of them, all red, coming up at you from the reef. Sixty pounds, 80 pounds, some of them."

A Red Horde," Tom confirmed.

Our guest looked at him suspiciously but continued, "Those cuberas are slow to take the plug, though. They'll roll two or three times at it before they hit. So if you are fast, you can draw them away from the reef and then you can fight them in the deep water, which gives you about one chance in five if you remember to tighten the drag and get them into the boat before the sharks come."

"Sharks?" I asked.

"More sharks around Panama than anywhere in the world. Chop even a big cubera right behind the ears so all you bring up is a big toothy head and a few fronds of snodes."

A man at the next table pushed his plate away abruptly and rose. "I wish I was going with you," our guest went on. "Built myself a new rod for those big ones. There are 100-pound cuberas on that reef, like huge red bulldogs." By then he was 2,500 miles south-southeast of Seventh Avenue. "Watch for that blood-colored surge," he urged us, looking from one face to the other. Gravely we assured him that we would. "Good luck," he told us as he left the table.

moving out into the sunlight and the swirling eddies around the Manhattan reefs.

"Red Horde, eh?" Tom sniggered when we were alone.

"We'll attend to the Red Horde when we've dealt with the big wahoo," I said. "And the sails on fly tackle. And the roosterfish." Lazily, over dessert, we leaned back to savor the delights of our forthcoming trip.

Three weeks later, in a light aircraft wobbling through the rain clouds toward Coiba, our mood was still buoyant. The previous evening, from the balcony of our hotel room high over Panama City, we had practiced roll-casting the No. 12 fly line we planned to use on the sailfish. Not even the rain could damp us, not even (we should be forgiven) the sight of long-term prisoners near the Coiba airstrip listlessly chipping rust from the hull of the beached World War II landing craft used to ferry them from, and maybe one day to, the mainland. Coiba has only two settlements: the penal colony on one side of the island and Club Pacifico on the other. We piled our gear into the 24-foot Aqua-

sport that was going to take us to the far, non-penal side of the island, and as we cleared the point and put the prison out of sight, a sailfish jumped nearby. A fine omen.

At Club Pacifico Bob Griffin, the camp's founder, was in the middle of a warming story. "So there was this man from Illinois," he was recounting, "who came back for his second trip with a full set of artillery: marlin rod, 130-pound-test line, 14/0 reel, full harness and his own fighting chair to screw down into the boat." The tale was about Hannibal Bank and the mysterious monsters that lurk there, no one, it is said, has ever lowered a jug into those waters and managed to fight to the surface the fish that hit it. But the man from Illinois had returned to Coiba determined to solve the mystery. Once more, though, he had had to admit defeat.

"He came back that night destroyed," Griffin went on, "and I asked him what had happened. 'It was going fine,' he said. 'I got out there, started to jug and got a hit right away. I was all strapped up, I had powerful tackle and after a while I had that fish, whatever it was, coming up nicely—

continued



A topic of conversation in the Club Pacifico bar was whether vodka martini would act as a shark repellent.

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150 pounds, maybe 200 pounds it felt. Then one of the big ones grabbed it." "

There could have been no better captive audience for a fishing story than Tom and I, together with the four other anglers who had arrived that day—the brothers Gore and the brothers McGinn. But Hannibal Bank would not be on our program, Griffin told us. It was a four-hour run, too long and risky a haul for small boats in the rainy season. Instead we would head over toward the mainland, where the big wahoo run should be on. Should be on? Didn't anybody know? No, because the camp had been closed for two months. Not only were we going to fish teeming waters, but also waters that had been rested all that time.

They were calm waters, too, we found next morning, the currents sliding easily through a pattern of islands humped high and green with dense rain forest. Five minutes out from the jetty we saw the ocean's mirror fretted with a hailstorm of frantic needlefish, obviously beset by some predator below. Frantically, we began grabbing for our rods. Rafael held up a sophisticated hand. "Is jus' rainbow runners," he told us kindly. He slowed the boat until we could see the runners flashing cobalt and yellow in the water, then picked up speed again, heading for where the wahoo

were said to be working through a channel that ran between a small island and the mainland.

Long before we reached it we tossed out deep-running plugs. Spanish mackerel hit them at once. Next came a boisterous half hour with jack crevalle. Afterward, nothing for a spell that must have gone on for close to 20 minutes. Then Rafael picked up the radio transmitter and smiled slowly as he interpreted the crackle at the far end. "My cousin finds plenty wahoo," he told us, grinning happily. "They smash up all the tackle, them and the sharks. My cousin's tourists got no plugs left!" Tom and I regarded one another smugly. We had with us enough plugs to account for all the wahoo between there and Acapulco. Despite a slight unease at hearing our fellow anglers described as tourists (Was that what Rafael called us when the guides got together in the evenings?), we looked forward confidently to some gentlemanly sport. Red Horde, eh? Nothing so crude. This was going to be elegant fishing: thoroughbred, black-and-silver wahoo on light tackle. Well, not too light. Maybe 15-pound tackle. The Cobra wahoo ran big, we'd heard.

To begin with, all went according to the brochure. As we started to troll tight in to the rocks, so close that we were in the shade of the jungle overhanging them, Tom's

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rod began a wild attempt to free itself from the holder and his reel made a noise that no mackerel could produce. "Is 50-pound wahoo," Rafael told us 15 minutes later as, too big for the fish locker, it drummed its life out amidships (55 pounds 12 ounces on the camp scales that night). "Not bad for a tourist, hey?" Tom asked Rafael.

"Is big wahoo here," he replied cryptically, coming on course again. Did he mean that this one was a tiddler? Or was he endorsing Tom's pride of achievement? There was no chance to question him because my reel was into its battle song now and I was bracing myself in the stern. "Is wahoo," Rafael observed superfluously. "Is 50 pounds." For maybe 10 seconds my wahoo went on being an orthodox 50-pound wahoo, then changed very briefly to a 350-pound wahoo, and finally metamorphosed into a U-boat making ponderously for the ocean floor. "Shark come eat him," Rafael said, unwrapping his sandwiches. In his experience, it emerged later, a tourist always tried to land his first shark, which always ended up immovable, hanging deep under the boat, providing Rafael with a useful lunch break as the Aquasport drifted quietly and the tourist heaved and grunted fruitlessly.

And undoubtedly I reacted like many anglers had before

me. "This is no shark, I tell you," I roared passionately.

Rafael sank his teeth deep into an apricot jam and peanut butter sandwich. "Is shark," he repeated, bored. "Is shark," Tom said unsympathetically. The rod was doubled over. I might have been into a coral reef except that occasionally there came a dull thump. Only a shark could act like that. "Is shark," I had to admit in the end. His sandwich jammed in his mouth, Rafael throttled forward and I hung on for the brief moment it took to snap the line. "Is many sharks in this place," he said in a moment of garrulity. And he was entirely right about that, too.

From then on, sharks his all the time. I landed one light-weight, a 90-pound mako, but most of them were heavier and impossible to haul on our light tackle. We went around to the seaward side of the island, took two roosterfish and then the sharks moved in again. Mostly there would be just a vastly increased weight on the end of the line, but sometimes, when a small fish was on close to the top, we could see a shark attack, bulging huge and brown under the surface like a gargantuan trout sipping nymphs. "Is ridiculous," Tom said around midafternoon. Even our formidable armory of plugs was beginning to dwindle. The channel was full of wahoo but there was no point in hooking them

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when every time they would be fielded by sharks. Rafael sensed our desperation. "Orrright," he said. "We find the other boats."

They were tucked in a little cove, refugees like us. But they had sold their plugs dearly. One of the Gores had a 58½-pound wahoo, and Frank McGinn had taken a good one on six-pound-test—significantly, at the start of the day's fishing before the tiny brains of the sharks had awakened to the fact that there were easy pickings about. "You know," McGinn said, grieving over his lost plugs, "there are actually men who go out deliberately to catch sharks." We shook our heads wonderingly. Maybe the Club Pacifico should employ a task force of such coarse-grained anglers to sweep the seas clean before the serious sports fishermen arrived. Short of that, there didn't seem to be a lot of future in Wahoo Alley. Reluctantly, we had to admit seeming defeat, not knowing at the time that one very significant trophy had been wrested from the sharks: McGinn's wahoo turned out to be 48 pounds 3 ounces, later to be ratified as an IGFA world record on six-pound line.

In the camp bar that evening, we drew up new plans. Maybe there are shark-repellent qualities in vodka martinis; the McGinns decided they would hit Wahoo Alley again next day. The Gores were going to potter around close to camp. Tom and I were going to break new ground.

"If you don't mind the half-hour haul down there," Bob Griffin said, "you could head for Jicarón, try for a sailfish on the way down, then plug the reef."

The name closed a memory circuit. "You want us to tangle with the Red Horde, eh?" Tom asked him dramatically. We were well into the third round of the cocktail hour. "We'll make a movie," I sniggered. "We'll call it *The Sea Turns Scarlet*."

"No," Tom guffawed, "it's going to be *The Plugs of Jicarón*."

Only Griffin's pet howler monkey, tethered outside where he could ambush small iguanas and eat them like Popsicles, reacted appreciatively, with cartwheels and a manic laugh. The others, Griffin in particular, looked at us curiously.

"Down there," he said, "are more cubera snappers, probably, than anywhere else in the world. And when they are really feeding, patches of the sea do change color. You'll see tomorrow."

We were momentarily chastened but after dinner, as we made our way through the warm darkness to our cottage, the somewhat ludicrous notion of the snapper army took over again. Even so, we both had brought heavy casting rods and reels with us. For all the fantasies, for all the jokes, something had got through to us that lunchtime in Manhattan. Clearly there could be no such thing as hundreds of fish of 50 pounds and more making a missed rush for a plug. But there was a certain depth of feeling in the way our guest had talked that afternoon. Probably the cubera fishing would make a pleasant interlude of relief after the serious business of the wahoo and the sails. If there was time, we concluded, we might just try it for an hour.

So we headed south that morning, leaving the penal colony to starboard, roaring by islands bumped like camels,

low and twisted like sea serpents, all of them lush and green, some alive with frigate birds. We weathered point after point as the ocean swell became more apparent, and then just off a tide rip Rafael slowed down. Time to look for a sail, he said.

Now the idea was, you see, that we would try to take at least one sailfish on fly. But, naturally, we didn't want to rush things. The right course, we reasoned, would be to have at least a couple of sails under our belts before we would be psychologically ready to use up what might be a long spell of fishing time on a problematic venture. So although the large saltwater fly rods were reached and laid out in the bow, we suggested to Rafael that first we would just act like ordinary fishermen and troll. At Club Pacifico, we'd been told, fly-fishing for sails was a kind of specialty of the house and the guides were well versed in the techniques of teasing the fish up. Rafael, though, didn't seem very much put out when we made our suggestion. Indeed, with hindsight, one might well have identified a look of relief in his expression.

So we trolled, and for a long time the trolling turned out to be what trolling is often like, that is to say, the most boring form of fishing yet devised by man. Indeed we were restlessly talking about hauling in the lines in another 10 minutes when two beauties came right up behind the plastic squids and grabbed one apiece in a classic double strike. We got them both, 102 and 109 pounds, and naturally then would have been the moment to take the hooks out of the lures and go abutting for another sail on the fly rod. But by the time we had landed our brace we had cleared the last, southerly headland before the island that had already passed into our private mythology: Jicarón.

It was really very similar to the other small islands around Coiba, lush and verdant, a neon-green sea sluicing its rocks and falling white on its beaches. In addition, Jicarón wore, like an ornament, a rusting tramp steamer that had run aground on its northernmost point. "Trying to get away from the Red Horde," Tom said—predictably, I thought. "He don't see the light," Rafael corrected him.

We headed a point or two out to sea, and it was possible to see the reef, even though it was covered at high tide. The swells moved across it, frothing white, and as we came nearer and it became more defined, we could see its extent—a long reef, parallel with the shore, with three pinnacles almost breaking the surface.

We stood off to rig the heavy casting gear and Rafael put us in position 200 feet from the nearest break. Tom's popper went out first, splashing into a smooth hump of water that was building over the rock; then he was working it back, jerking his rod tip violently and reeling fast. "Hey! Hey!" Rafael yelled. A big, sullen swirl broke astern of the popper. Tom reeled faster. Two more swirls and then his rod was hard over and he was frantically trying to tighten the drag. Under no circumstances, our luncheon guest had told us, was any line to be given. If it was, the cubera would be straight into the reef, cutting us off. So to encourage Tom as he sweated and panted to hold his fish, I told him that he had one of the lesser cuberas there. "You

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Fish Story

continued

have merely encountered one of their outlying pockets," I told him.

Tom lost his fish and we turned to our comedy routine again. Rafael listened silently to our plans for defending the Aquasport against the Horde, then said crushingly, "Is not cubera you have. Is little surface snapper. About 15, 20 pounds. Small cuberas is twice as big. I take you to them now, and maybe to some big cubera." He swung the boat around and headed uptide again. "You cast that way," he said, pointing. Two poppers flew out, started to jerk back on the surface and then, quite suddenly, the sea turned red.

Not an acre of red, but a patch as big as a medium-sized hotel lobby. And not primary red either, more a dull brick color. There were crashing explosions all around the plugs, then both our rods were wrenched down savagely. "Cuberas come," Rafael said nonchalantly.

Silently, Tom and I fought our fish. This time we were in better shape than during Tom's first snapper encounter because now there was a lot more water beneath us and we had some room to maneuver and to contain the repeated crash dives. Even so, and even on heavy gear, it was 15 minutes before both the fish were subdued, coming up dull red, the dog-fanged jaws moving slowly. "Is small cuberas," Rafael announced, lifting them out on the gaff. "Go maybe 35 pounds. Now you cast again."

Tom and I looked at each other. If those were small fish, we were not entirely certain that we wanted to cast again. The Red Horde that was a joke had now turned out to be real. Maybe another of our fantasies was real, too: the Cubera King, deep in his rocky, weed-fringed fastness, might come out and accept our challenge, all 100 pounds of him. Or something similarly nasty. Such a thought, comical thousands of miles north, was easy to entertain when you were riding an ocean swell surrounded by lumps of Central American jungle.

Even so, we cast again, and once again the Red Horde sallied out from its fortress. We dragged the plugs away from it frenetically, in the hope that they wouldn't be hit until they were over deep water, but they were engulfed before they had traveled 50 feet. There was a difference this time, though. Even before the first power dive could ma-

terialize, brown shadows appeared in the subsurface and we felt the familiar, sickening deadweight of sharks on the line.

There was no fighting them; they were simply too big. We broke off and cast three or four more times. The same. "When sharks come, they stay," Rafael said. "We shift away from here now."

So we did. We trolled a wahoo channel on the far side of the island and by the time the second fish was aboard the sharks had arrived. Landing wahoo heads is not really fun. We set out for home. "Tomorrow I want to stay away from Blood Island," I told Rafael. "Let's try to take one of those sails on the fly."

The technique of catching sailfish on flies is now well established, since Dr. Webster Robinson's first successful experiments in 1962. You troll hookless teasers until you raise a sail. Then you engage the fish by snatching the teaser from it until it turns blue and green with fury. Then you haul in the teaser and substitute your fly. More sails have been caught this way out of Club Pacifico than from any other fishing camp in the world—or so it's said. And the guides are naturally very experienced.

Next morning, though, when we hit the sailfish grounds, we had a hard time convincing Rafael that the hooks should be removed from the plastic squids we planned to use as teasers, but finally, looking at us as if we were crazy, he consented to do this. And we hadn't been bouncing the teasers along for more than 15 minutes when everything started to happen according to the rule book.

Up came the sailfish, yawing about behind the starboard teaser, and Tom then commenced the teasing operation. Just as the book said it would, the sail became very upset. It changed color violently and tried to rush our transom. It was time to cast the fly, a big arrangement of white feathers and silver Mylar strips with a polystyrene popping head. As the rule book instructed, Rafael took the engine out of gear. Then he hit the deck as the fly whistled past him on the back cast and I launched it at the sail.

Perfect. It landed to the sail's port side. I twitched it a couple of times and it was comprehensively grabbed. The slack line slid through my fingers and I set the hook hard four or five times. The sail went into its hopping-about routine, did all its dangerous antics, and the hook held firm.

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By all the rules, given a little patience, it was mine. Then, as the fish surged off steadily, I realized that something unusual was happening. The backing was melting off the fly reel but the boat was still revving in neutral. "Come on, Rafael," I yelled, "let's go after him!"

Rafael said, "Señor," and paused. It was the first time that he had called me that. "Señor," he repeated, "I am sorry. But the propeller have fall off the boat." A moment later, with the line in a great arc, the fly fell out of the sail also.

That took care of most of our fishing day. It turned out to be a three-hour tow back to camp and another hour while Rafael fished a new prop, one of the shortest-lived in marine history, because when we headed out to sea again Rafael struck a submerged log.

But at least it all made way for a longer planning conference at cocktail time. With the time we had lost, the next day would have to tell. Wahoo Alley was out for a start. The McGinnis and the Gores had been fishing in the area since the first day and it looked as if the big wahoo had gone, though they had had a great variety of lesser fish, and Frank McGinn had spent the best part of one day fighting something that he never saw on his six-pound line, a big amberjack possibly.

"If it weren't for the sharks," I said to Tom, "I feel strong enough for the Red Horde again." Between us it had been agreed that my lost sail was to be regarded as a release, a piece of mild sophistry that enabled us to tick "sailfish-on-fly" off our list. And secretly we didn't want to use up another whole day looking for billfish that might never show up. A consultation with Rafael seemed in order.

"Is there any place," I asked him, "where we could throw a plug at the cuberas without the sharks arriving?"

"No, señor," he said. He was a much chastened Rafael since the two props had gone, and he waited a few seconds before telling me that nevertheless there might be a way of coping. He and his father had once worked together as professional snapper fishermen, he said. They had the shark problem, too, and they solved it, simply enough, by catching some sharks to start with.

"Then, señor," he said, "we kill them and put them back in the water. Soon there are no more sharks. Maybe the others don't like the taste in the sea."

So we had to cut our way through the sharks if we wanted the cuberas. Our problem was that the heaviest tackle we had brought was 25-pound-test and that was totally inadequate for the sharks around Blood Island. Heavy handlines perhaps? We went to Bob Griffin to see what he had in his tackle store. "There's just this," he said.

It turned out to be a heavy marlin outfit. There was no fighting chair and no harness in the Aquasport but it might be possible to manage. Rafael approved the gear and bore it away to the boat. "Light tackle, eh?" scoffed the Gores and McGinnis as it was carried past them on the patio.

"In war all tactics are fair," Tom told them intensely. "The artillery will clear the ground for the infantry to move in."

A small tuna feather attached to a heavy wire leader on a mighty marlin rod looks faintly ludicrous, admittedly, but next morning, off Jicarón, that seemed to be the logical approach. We would troll close to the reef of the Red Horde, not with cuberas in mind but in the hope of contacting a school of bonito or small yellowfin tuna. Shark bait.

That morning the sharks were lazy. We actually baited three yellowfin before the first shark struck, swallowed and sounded. I bent into it with the big rod and started to pump. There was no possible chance of it breaking the 130-pound line, but on the other hand, standing up in a 24-foot Aquasport with a cumbersome 14/0 reel to hold and a great deal of shark at the other end is a somewhat demanding occupation. After 10 minutes I had gained a bit of line, but my knees were beginning to feel as if they were melting in the sun. I passed the rod to Tom. "Work him a little," I said.

So Tom worked him, then I worked him, and Tom again, until finally we were hauling the rod back and forth like a pair of jugglers. It was half an hour before Rafael could get hold of the leader and a brute of a white-tip, 350 to 400 pounds by the look of it, was in range of the bang-stick. The shark was dispatched and sent to float downside with its belly open, but at this rate both Tom and myself were going to be too exhausted for the cuberas when the time came.

But help was at hand. As we labored over that shark, Rafael was hard put to conceal his amusement, so much so, in-

deed, that after it was beaten I told him courteously that the privilege of landing the next shark would be his. "Orright, señor," he said, "but I do it different."

That was an accurate remark. When the next shark hung on, Rafael screwed the drag all the way down, planted the rod in the holder and opened the throttle. "Orright, aburón," he yelled happily. "Come up and see the butcherman!" A 300-pound white-tip being pulled helplessly to the surface and then aquaplaning behind an Aquasport is a formidable sight. From the moment of hooking, Rafael had him bang-sticked, butchered and drifting away from the boat in, overall, not more than 10 minutes. Then he performed the feat over again. Would three sharks be enough, we asked him.

"Take about one hour to work," Rafael said. "Three is enough."

If the Cubera King were really down there, he should have awarded us the Order of the Red Horde, because, it proved, we had done his people a real favor. Unmolested by sharks, they surged out of the reef that afternoon and grabbed plugs. Oddly enough, though, when it was time to head back to Club Pacifico there seemed to be only four cuberas in the boat. At least we could not blame the sharks for that. The big snappers were just too strong and the rocks were just too close. We could only get midjets, up to 40 pounds or so, to the side of the boat.

It was strange to think how we scoffed at the honest fellow we had taken out to lunch so recently. At the bar of the Club Pacifico that night I listened to Tom, with that haunted, Ancient Mariner look in his eyes, lean forward to give the message to the McGinnis and the Gores. "The ocean turns all red," he was saying. "They come at you from out of the reef..."

"Look for the blood-colored surge," I found myself telling them. One of the McGinnis rose uneasily to pour more drinks. I could see they didn't believe us. But it didn't seem to matter. When we left they would be sniggering, "Red Horde, eh," at each other, but the spell would start to work on them. Gravely we bade them good night. They would thank us one day. As we walked off into the night, I'm fairly sure I heard Frank McGinn say to his brother John, "Do we have any of those, uh, big popping plugs with us?"

The Red Horde, I reckoned, was about to claim another victim.

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Yesterday

by ARNOLD SCHUCHTER

SILVER SEVEN WON THE STANLEY CUP SO OFTEN THEY KICKED IT INTO A CANAL

On a black winter night in February 1903, One-Eyed McGee, Rat Westwick and the rest of the rough, sweat-soaked gang were whooping it up as their leader passed out the silver nuggets. These were not Hole-in-the-Wall desperados splitting the loot from a train robbery. McGee had never stolen anything more valuable than a cross-ice pass, and Westwick was a shifty character only to rival defenses. They were members of the Ottawa Silver Seven, the greatest amateur team in hockey history, celebrating their clinching of the Canadian Amateur Hockey League championship.

The silver nuggets they received were an extraordinary gift from the club's chief executive, Martin Rosenthal, a prominent Ottawa jeweler. While appreciative of his generosity, the team had its sights set on a more valuable piece of silver—the Stanley Cup.

In the era before professional hockey, two Stanley Cup trustees selected the challengers for the national championship. The Silver Seven's record earned them a bid in March 1903, and they proceeded to crush the Montreal Victorias for the title. During the next three years, Ottawa successfully defended the cup eight times.

The sport the Silver Seven dominated was a wild brand of hockey. Long, lofted passes wobbled high over colliding bodies, and shots whistled toward intrepid goalies who for protection wore cricket pads on their legs and fur hats stuffed down the front of their pants. And the players were separated from the rambunctious spectators by sideboards only a foot high. No team played this sort of hockey as well as the versatile Silver Seven, who knew more ways to beat you than the Marquis de Sade. However, Ottawa never lacked for challengers, both worthy and wishful.

In their first cup defense, immediately after the Montreal series, Ottawa overcame the precocious Rat Portage Thistles from Ontario, whose oldest player

was 21. The Thistles' considerable physical talents were wasted as their defense performed like unnerved children and their fleet forwards were slowed by natural ice so soft that during one game the puck disappeared through a hole in the surface.

The opposition in January 1904 came from a more mature crew, the Winnipeg Rowing Club, led by Bad Joe Hall, who was drier than downtown Newark. The Silver Seven had their own designated hater in Alf Smith, a former football and lacrosse player who had spent time in court defending himself against the ill will he had engendered by his short temper and long stick. After three bruising games, with enough fisticuffs to fill a fight card, Winnipeg returned home in defeat. In succeeding months two other Stanley Cup pretenders met similar fates.

The following year a long-distance challenge was issued by a quixotic Yukon prospector named Colonel Joe Boyle, who financed a 23-day, 4,000-mile journey to Ottawa by the Dawson City Klondikers. The trek began with players traveling by either dogsled, bicycle, stagecoach or foot to Skagway, Alaska. After enduring -54° temperatures for five days, the team caught a boat south, then continued across Canada by train. Limited to an eight-foot-square area in the smoking car for training, the Klondikers arrived in Ottawa in a pitiful state. But the Silver Seven refused to grant them a delay and breezed to a 9-2 victory in the first game.

The challengers were galled by Ottawa's inhospitality. They swore revenge, making a special point of denigrating McGee's ability. McGee, a dazzling blond center who had been trying to impress his fickle girl friend in the first game, skated out for the next one prepared to give a shooting clinic. Ignoring a wrist injury, he set a Stanley Cup record that still stands by pouring in 14 goals, including eight in as many minutes, to lead the Silver Seven in a 23-2 rout.

A stiffer test was presented two months later by the Kenora (né Rat Portage) Thistles, who had developed the revolutionary technique of sliding long passes down ice rather than lofting them. With McGee out of the Ottawa lineup, the Thistles won the first game, but lost on shaky ice in the second.

The Silver Seven were accused of both flooding and salting the playing surface to thwart Kenora's new passing tactic.

The Ottawa players, denying that they had turned the ice into soup, much less seasoned it, blamed the slush on warm air flowing through rink windows opened for the spectators' comfort. McGee laid the dispute to rest in the third game by scoring the winning goal 90 seconds before the final bell.

After the battle, the Silver Seven retired to the bar in the Russell Hotel for a celebration. It was reported that Forward Harry Smith, Alf's ebullient brother, had, on a dare, drop-kicked the Stanley Cup into the Rideau Canal, returning with a hangover the next morning to reclaim the trophy from the dry bed of the waterway. "We only took it home to show it to mother," said the Seathis, who also admitted, "We did throw it around a little."

The 1906 season began with the Silver Seven claiming two more victims in Stanley Cup competition before playing their archrivals, the Montreal Wanderers, in a two-game, total-goals series. A newspaper had described a previous Ottawa-Montreal game as a "saturnalia of butchery," but the opening contest of the Stanley Cup series was more like an execution by firing squad—with the Ottawa goalie wearing the blindfold. When the game ended, the Silver Seven was faced with an eight-goal deficit to overcome.

In the second game, Ottawa unveiled Percy LeSueur, the first goalie to flop on the ice to make saves. The acrobatic LeSueur stymied the Montreal forwards as Ottawa made up five goals of its deficit by the middle of the final period. With time running short, an unlikely hero emerged. Harry Smith, the slowest Ottawa skater, unleashed three quick wrist shots to bring the Silver Seven even.

The ecstatic crowd showered the ice with hats, scarves and rubber boots. Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada, halted play to congratulate Smith. But the celebration ended a few minutes later when Lester Patrick of the Wanderers scored on two rink-length dashes to clinch the series.

Although the Ottawa team disbanded after the 1906 season, its exploits became a permanent part of hockey lore. Six of the players who contributed to the three-year win streak have been voted into the Hockey Hall of Fame, and 44 years after its reign ended, the Silver Seven was selected as the outstanding amateur team of the half century.

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Joe Greene 5023
Bob Griese 5005
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Don Sutton 4013
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Pete 6012
Kyle Rale 61 0011

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Johnny Miller 6010
Secretariat 5005

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

DANDY DONS

Sir:

Barry McDermott's article (*The Streaks of San Francisco*, Jan. 31) was refreshing and inspiring. Too often college athletes are scorned for being immature. Coaches and spectators have a tendency to forget that what they are dealing with is oversized teen-agers who just happen to excel in sports. Forward James Hardy said it best: "People forget I'm still a kid in a man's body."

USF Coach Bob Gaillard has assembled perhaps the finest young basketball team in the country, and he has coordinated the players' efforts so that the team wins. But he has done it without the victory-at-all-costs routine. Gaillard has taught his players to work as a team without sacrificing personal glory. The results speak for themselves.

Whether the Dons continue at their present rate and go on to the NCAA finals is not the point. It is how they have achieved success that really matters. As Gaillard expressed it, "This is not a military side." Of course not, it's a college.

MARK SOLTAL
Palo Alto, Calif.

Sir:

There is no doubt in my mind that San Francisco has one of the best college basketball teams in the country, but the Dons wouldn't (and won't) stand a chance against such titans as UCLA, Marquette, North Carolina and Michigan. Considering the schedule the Dons have played so far, I don't see how they can be rated No. 1, even with their perfect record.

MIKE FRIEND
Drexel

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed Barry McDermott's article on the University of San Francisco, especially since I have not yet seen the Don play. But please clear up one point: Why is it so confounding that Winford Boynes, at 6'6", plays guard? This should be his natural position.

CHARLES WRIGHT
Charlevoix, Mich.

• A typographical error reduced Boynes' height. He is 6' 6½". —ED

BIG PROBLEMS

Sir:

Thank goodness "words spoke louder than action" (Jan. 31) at the 71st annual NCAA convention and the Big Football babies did not get their way. It really is difficult to believe that it took Walter Byers and J. Neill Thompson's committee a whole year to con-

struct such an astute proposal reorganization based on a school's ability to compete in Division I in at least eight sports, football and basketball included, with an amendment for those schools with Division I basketball but no football allowing them to retain Division I status in only that one sport.

Since a host of Division I schools, including the University of San Francisco, whose basketball team was featured on your cover, do not field football teams, it is little wonder that the proposal was tabled. Does Big Football expect a school like Providence to play Division I basketball and then run Division II cross-country after placing third and ninth in the last two NCAA Division I cross-country championships? Ridiculous!

Almost as ridiculous was John Underwood's claim that there are no Notre Dame beaters in the Eastern College Athletic Conference. The Irish were recently beaten by Princeton and Villanova in Big Basketball. Oops, I almost forgot: Big Football is the only sport, isn't it?

TIMOTHY F. THOMPSON
Nashua, N.H.

THE OWNERS' SIDE

Sir:

I thought your article on the owners (*Who Are These Guys?* Jan. 31) was excellent. It proved that professional players are overpaid and that they are extremely greedy. They just don't seem to understand that owners have debts to pay, also. Something must be done about the "million dollar baby" attitude or, in the end, it will destroy sports.

CARL DICKINSON
East Hampton, N.Y.

Sir:

I must congratulate Calvin Griffith, Roly Carpenter and especially Carroll Rosenbloom on their insight. The people who are ruining our sports are the ones who look out first for themselves and not for the sport. As Rosenbloom said, "The only solution is for us to realize that we are partners. [The players] have to realize that we're in the same boat together. If we don't work together, we won't have anything to work with." We fans are partners, too, and none of us can tolerate players or owners who care only for themselves. If we do, we won't have anything to enjoy, either.

RANDALL C. SAMMET
Akron, Pa.

Sir:

I disagree with Rams owner Carroll Rosenbloom's assessment of Wellington Mara. Mara was just trying to protect his interest in the Giants and do his duty to the people of

New York by signing Larry Csonka and providing the fans with the best players possible I applaud Mara's action.

TOM GARNER
College Station, Texas

Sir,

As a devoted New Orleans fan, I, too, would like to see the Jazz in the playoffs before 50,000 fans in the Superdome. But if Sam Battistone keeps making decisions like making Barry Mendelson executive vice-president and firing a great coach like Butch van Breda Kolf, the Jazz will end up like the other pro franchise in New Orleans.

JERRY J. LE BLANC
Metairie, La.

Sir,

Calvin Griffith did not move the Washington Senators to Minneapolis. He moved the team to Bloomington, Minn., just outside of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and the team became the Twins—for Twin Cities. A ton of St. Paul money went into the deal to bring the Twins to Minnesota.

We think that Griffith is doing the right thing in not bidding for the "glory boys" of baseball. I've never, in my 30 years, seen an owner able to buy a pennant. What's more, they won't do it now by paying the outlandish prices of the Camphells, the Hunters and the Rest.

CLYDE TESTER
St. Paul

Sir,

I was disappointed that Ray Kennedy failed to feature another breed of owner, the kind who played—even started—for the pro team he owns. Today the sole member of this distinguished group is the man who held for nearly 50 years the NFL record for the longest runback of a fumble (98 yards), George Halas of the Chicago Bears.

BILL SCHULMEHL
Westlake, Ohio

ACC'S PACKER

Sir,

I enjoyed your article about Sunday basketball telecasts (TV/Radio, Jan. 31). How appropriate that the best college basketball conference in the country should produce the best basketball announcer, Billy Packer. This "fat little guy who is going bald" has not only received acclaim from players and coaches but, even more astounding, he has gained the respect of ACC fans. We count on Billy to tell it like it is.

DICK HATFIELD
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sir,

College basketball TV ratings are sure to go up as long as Packer is announcing.

WILLIAM J. SCHULTZ
Maplewood, N.J.

OFOROS' IMPRESSIONS (CONT.)

Sir,

I would like to congratulate Frank Deford on his article *Three Little Syllables* (Jan. 24).

I am married to a Hawaiian, and I have also spent some time in The Islands. I was completely astonished that someone finally found it in himself to write the truth about "Paradise." I do not deny that the Hawaiian Islands can be beautiful and alluring. However, I found very few Islanders who would admit or discuss the shortcomings of Hawaii. So, it has come as a great relief that your magazine has printed an article that shows the true and pressing problems of The Islands. Now maybe the "natives" will admit that there is a snake in the Garden of Eden.

SUSAN ESTEFOLO
Lilienstein, Colo.

ANOTHER POINT FOR VASSS

Sir,

All of us who had to do with the National Collegiate Tennis Classic at Rancho Mirage, Calif., enjoyed Joe Jares' story on this event (Graham Did Not Crack, Jan. 17). But I would like to add that the factor which saved the tournament was our use of VASSS no-ad scoring with the nine-point tie breaker. This system enabled us to easily make up the day lost to rain without keeping the students over an extra day.

VASSS advocates are to be congratulated on having surmounted the formidable opposition of tradition in correcting a glaring, century-old weakness in the great game of tennis. The no-ad game with the nine-point tie breaker means that tournament matches can be put on within sensible time limits, which not only lightens the drama for spectators and players, but also makes life easier for all of us tournament directors.

I firmly believe that the nine-point tie breaker is the best of the tie-breaker methods. It is certainly more easily understood by the layman than any other and is packed with tension.

REX V. DARLING
Palm Springs, Calif.

MAGIC NUMBER

Sir,

Steve Dyal's letter (Jan. 31) noted that quarterbacks wearing No. 12 were winners in the Super Bowl. He failed to mention Super Bowl III, played on Jan. 12, 1969, in which Joe Namath, wearing No. 12, led the Jets to a 16-7 win over the Colts.

JOHN POKRZYCKI
St. Louis

TOUCH OF SPRING

Sir,

Dan Jenkins' article on the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am was like a breath of spring (Watson, but Not So Elementary, Jan. 31). Bing's clambake always seems to have the right mixture of golf, scenery and celebrities. The sight of Pebble Beach is an inspiration to all of us golfers in the frozen East. At least we know that snow does not cover the fairways and greens everywhere.

JAMES WALLER
Lexington, Va.

continued

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1976 HOLE continued

REAL COWBOY

Sir:

I hope your readers have not been led to believe that all cowboys are like the hypothetical one you described in your article *The Marlboro Man* (Jan. 17). Being a Western cowgirl and ranch wife, I can't help resenting your portrayal of a "real cowboy" as a gambler, hoover and chauvinist who is lazy and chews snuff. I can name a dozen real cowboys who do not fit that description, and they don't insult their wives, either. One in particular is my brother, Bert Oliver of Santa Ynez, Calif., who doesn't drink, smoke, chew or cuss—much. Furthermore, he's a whole lot better looking.

SANDY WILLIAMS
Norwood, Colo.

Sir:

Although I don't smoke Darrell Winfield's cigarette (I smoke Winston's), I really admire him for apparently keeping his head screwed on straight and having a firm grip on his roots. He is quite a man. But aside from all that, just what does a feature article on a fine cowpoke and gentleman have to do with the world of sport?

BRENT MCWHORTER
Prescott, Ariz.

ON TOLEDO!

Sir:

With reference to your item on "the old hometown" in *SCORECARD* (Jan. 24), Toledo, Ohio is usually thought of for these two things: the Glass Capital of the World and the home of Toledo University, recent conqueror in basketball of Indiana and South Carolina.

DAVID D. SCOTT
Newport Beach, Calif.

Sir:

There's yet another song that Toledo is famous for, one much older than *Jones Junior High*, which was pre-World War II vintage. It is called *We're Strong for Toledo* and it goes like this:

We're strong for Toledo,
T-O-L-E-D-O
The girls are the fairest,
The boys are the squarrest
Of any old town that I know.

We're strong for Toledo,
The place where the breezes blow
In any old weather,
We'll all stick together
In T-O-L-E-D-O

JIM SNEDECOR
New York City

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